Cl. Blascock:

# HORTI CAROLINI

## ROSA ALTERA.

OXONIÆ

Excudebat LEONARDUS LICHFIELD
Academiæ Typographus. 1640.

XUM

HORTI

CAROLINI



XUM

# AD SERENISSIMVM CAROLVM.

MAxime Rex; Morũq; Hominũq; Æterne creato
Hæc quibus, & Mundi sæcla futura Beas;
Floribus Has liceat Vestris intexere Frondes;
Præludat Teneræ Laurea nostra ROSÆ:
Nunc Crotala, & Magni Cunas Infantis inumbrat;
Mox Galeam, & Victrix cinget honora Caput.

*Serenißimæ Majestatis*

*Vestræ*

*Humillima Ancilla*

ACAD. OXON.

XUM

# AD REGEM.

GRatamur Tibi (Cæsar) Auspicatum
Quòd præmiseris Ipse Fecialem:
Nec Bello prius intonare velles
Quàm Natum (titulo Ducis tremendum)
Largiri populo Tuo Britannùm.
Talem caverit Anteambulonem
Gens, Fortiùs atiùs, at nimiù Rebellis.
Iam tandem male-sana Turba cesses,
Læsos murmure provocare Divos.
Annon Propitios Deos, Ducemq;
Sentitis (Miseri) editum, superbos
Qui frangat Populi furentis ausus?
Quòd si Numina, cælitúsq; missa
Nil vos fulmìna, Vindicesq; dextræ



Terrent

*Terrent, at numerosa, Dia Proles,*
*Vos saltem sapere, obsequiq; cogat.*
*Palles invide? Nos sub Architecto*
*Gaudemus Britones quotidiano:*
*Structura* Nova Fulcra *gratulantes,*
*Quæ nobis* Carolus *dabit quotannis,*
*Musarum Decus, & simul Laborem.*

## AD REGINAM.

*Non Elegos* (Regina) *Tibi nunc Ismidis unda*
*(Fundens ut olim Nœnias)*
*Mittit, & ingrata renovat pietate dolorem,*
*Tota at Triumphis turgida est.*
*Nec Parcas querimur sævas, aut stamina dura:*
*Quum Fœminam pensant Mare.*
*Ergo age! Victores dederis* (Regina,) *Coronas*
*Nectent Camœnæ laureas.*

A. Frewen Vicecan. Oxon.
& Præs. Coll. Magd.

AD partus frustra Iuno Lucina vocatur;
Nil opis hìc præstet Iuno; quis ergo? Deus.
CAROLUS indicat jejunia, CAROLUS oret
Sit facilis partus, nec mora, Mater eris.
Idem, sit frustra quod Scotus parturit, oret,
Numine perfidiæ vindice, abortus erit.

Dum Iura Regni fœderatorum cohors
Lymphata bello solvere infando parat;
Dum Præsules, Ecclesiæ statumina,
Arisq; sedibusq; summovent suis,
Presbyterii infesti Monarchis Laici
Regimine sacrum Regis in caput dato;
En Numinis, cui Regna, cui cultus sacer,
Antistitesq; cura, pignus vindicis
Dementiæ; semper futurum CAROLI,
Quod sceptrum in Anglos teneat, & Scotos, genus;
En prole fit MARIA jam sextâ Parens.
Quod virium in Numeris, quod ominis boni,
Perfectionisq; insidet, Senatii id
Primò est; suis primò fit is nempe ex quotis;
Hoc conditus fuit orbis, hoc numero stetit.

ROB. PINCK *Cust. Coll. Nov.*

QUin, Regina, cave: res invida multa propago:
Non sequitur partus æmula nulla tuos.
Aspicis, ut, fætum quoties Tibi Iuno secundat,
Confestim excludat Musa superba suum?

Quòq; magis ſacrum caleat Tibi pectus, & ira;
Vix ſe non præfert muſa miniſtra Tibi:
Parce tamen: nullam hic meruit labor æmulus iram:
Muſæ & ſpes grandes fortè MARIA probet.
Tu vitæ es natis author pereuntis: at iiſdem
Muſa ævum, ingenio parturiente, dabit.

THO. WALKER S.T.D. *& Coll. Vniverſ. Magiſt.*

DUm contumaci flumina gurgite
Ripas modeſtas ſternere cogitant,
Fert Tethys armato Marito
Tres Pueros, Alium Tridentem.

Nunc ergo *vivunt* Signa Britannica,
Mox ducet Agmen Tergeminus Leo.
Eſt Fecialis Rex peritus,
Vnguipetas creat Ille veros.

Tres hi Leones cum grave rugient,
Iráſq; junctis unguibus exerent,
Nexu plicantes vim trifili,
Quid Pecus Vnici aget Leonis?

GUIL. STRODE S.T.D. *Ec. Chriſti Præb. & Acad. Orator Publicus.*

Felix

FElix præ reliquis Britanna Tellus,
Trinis Floribus, & Leone multo,
Florens Imperium, potensq; bello.
Armis, Consiliis, Monarcha Magnus,
Rex Iustus, Pius, Optimus, Benignus.
Est Regina, beans Maria Regna,
Quæ vitis generosa, grata cunctis,
Pulchros, stemmata læta, fert racemos,
Magno Conjuge, Patre, Prole felix;
Regnum fortius hinc, magisq; florens.
Felix præ reliquis Britanna Tellus.

Tho. Clayton *Med. Prof. Reg. Coll. Pemb. Magist.*

QUidni terribiles Insignia sacra Leones
Mittant, jam placidis conspicienda notis?
Pro Numero & Sexu sobolis Regalis haberi
Fas sit, terna tribus Lilia juncta Rosis.

Ric. Zouch P.R.I.C.

ALma Maria Tibi claro pro pignore, grates,
Grates, quas solùm possumus, usq; damus.
Nil melius potuit, nil Tempestivius Alvus,
Scotia Bella parat, tu paris ergo Ducem.

Bened. Sherard *Baro de Letrim. & Coll. D. Io. Bapt.*

ECquis jam metuit furentium æstus,
Seu Lymphata ciet novos Tumultus
Plebs, sive excutere audeant Triones
Frænos imperii serenioris?
Posthac pro scelere est timere Motus,
Cum cinxit CAROLUS perenniore
Muro ex sanguine proprio Britannos.
Terno murice, tripliciq; sceptro,
Quin tot Principibus superbiamus,
Gaudente hoc numero impari Tonante.
Hi tres arripient Maris Tridentem;
(Si cortina sapit furore rapta
Phæbi, præscia Laurus & futuri.)
Austri turbida nec procella surget;
Non Arctóa Plaga ampliùs citata
Hinc unquam fuerit, regente Plaustrum
Magno CAROLIDE, ac utrisq; junctus
Si sit Scipiadis. Prement ubiq;
Belli hæc fulmina; Serò dum refigant
In mæstâ Solymâ Mitram & Tiaram.
Dii vos ominibus favete Vatis.

IAC. HERBERTUS *Com. Pemb. fil. nat. tertius è Coll. Iesu.*

## A la REYNE.

*QVelle difference vous faictes*
*Entre nous & ceux d'alentour?*
*Pendant qu'ils lamentent leurs pertes,*

*Nous*

*Nous ne voyons que fruits d'amour.*

*Tel Roy fait bruſler ſes Provinces,*
*Et voit foudroyer ſes Chaſteaux.*
*Lors que vous nous donnés des Princes,*
*Et que la Court dance aux flambeaux.*

Armatus CAROLUS dum Turmas undiq; cogit,
Imperii repetens priſtina jura ſui.
Præfectos creat hos armorum, accerſit & illos,
Plus tamen in laudes ſic genuiſſe Ducem.
Ingentes ſuperûm placàrunt Numina Manes
Ductorum, Turbis qui cecidere ſuis.
Victima grata fuit, voluerunt myſtica Fata;
Non aliter tantum retribuere Ducem.

IOH. HERBERTUS *Com. Pemb. fil. nat. quartus è Coll. Ieſu.*

NEſcis diva parens (liceat jam dicere) neſcis
Vno quam dederis pignore progeniem.
Namq; puerperio non tantum filius iſto
Naſcitur: ipſa parens alma Salutis eras.
Es Mater CAROLO & Regno fœcunda; mariti
Regalem firmat filius iſte Thronum:
Nam quando fuerit Ducibus ſtipatus utrinque,
Quis poterit CAROLUM tunc violare Tuum?

IOH. MORDAUNT *Com. Petriburg. fil. nat. min. ex Æde Ch.*

Quo

QVo dormis tumulo, O Maronis ingens
Quo dormis tumulo, O Maronis umbra?
Prodi, si sapis, O Poeta, Prodi.
Marcellus novus ortus est, Poetam
Nec quem Audire velit, Marone muto.
Quo Flacci Lyra, quo siles sub Antro?
Quin plectrum cape, quin feri sonorum;
Prodi, si sapis, O Poeta, Prodi.
Mæcenas novus Ortus est, Poetam
Nec quem audire velit, tacente Flacco.
In nostras quoque, Claudiane, cunas;
In nostras quoque, Naso docte, Lullas
Vestros ducite gemmeos lepores,
Vestros ducite melleos liquores,
Quicquid Balsama spirat, & Roseta,
Et quicquid supero superbit igne,
Et quicquid Helicona potat omnem:
Nil non CAROLIDÆ beabit Ortus.
Cum Turbâ, bone Mercuri, novenâ
Ito, & ferte sales Catullianos,
Ito, & Ferte sales Tibullianos,
Et quas Musa Rosas dedit Propertî;
Et quæ Lilia musa tersa Galli.
Sed quid tam placido sitas sepulchro,
Vatum quid temeri Evocamus Vmbras?
Dormite ô potiùs sacri Poetæ,
Et lætos faciles tenete Campos.
Non est præteritis suos Marones
Non est altiùs invidere sæclis:
Nam licèt Cerebro laboret, almas

Nec

Nec fert divitis Ingenî Minervas
Horum Infantia Temporum; At Maria
Illa est sydereâ decora mente,
Illa est suavidicâ decora formâ,
Vt quæ, indigna sacrum Metalla in Aurum,
Convertatq; Vepres Rosas in ipsas.
Huc ergo numeros minùs Calentes,
Huc ergò numeros, ut ut minores,
Ferte huc Tormina (nec timete) vestra;
Nempe his ingenium dabit Maria,
Nempe his & Veneres cupidinesq;
Sed castas Veneres cupidinesq;
Et vitam dabit & dabit calores,
Quales jam Elysio rotunda Sappho
Ignes spargit, eos stupente cælo.
O dilecta Deo Maria! Natum
Unà quæ paris, & Facis Poetas.
Quin si denuò parturire Reges
Pergas, & steriles novo sorores
Nixu vincere, de meo coruscas
Penu si nequeam excitare flammas,
Conducam ex Alio; & parum filendo
Summâ è Lampade mutuabor ignes:
Tantâ ut Principe sit Poema dignum,
Incumbens operi meo, Refertum
Transcribam Mariæ offeramq; Flaccum,
Transcribam & Mariæ offeram Maronem.

Iacob. Scudamore *Ioh. Vicecom. Scudamore fil. unicus è Coll. D. Ioh. Bapt.*

* * Æmula

ÆMula virtutum CAROLI Regina MARIA
Certabat, Patriæ quis meliora daret,
Ergone Tu Patriæ pater Audis CAROLE ſolus?
Mater ero dixit, dixit; & ecce parit.

PHIL. SHERARD *Baronis fil.*
*è Coll. D. Ioan. Bap.*

QUæ jam cura Dei? ſcelus nefandum
Recti nomen habet, ſacri profanum:
Excuſſa eſt Animis Fides virorum:
Armis lex ſiluit coacta: Finem
Lætandi poſuere Fata: Cuncta
Antiquum repetunt chaos. Favete
Linguis. Magna malis ſuis creantur:
Nec Divina ſolet Manus Benigna
Largiri ſine maximo periclo:
Noſtrum Numina reſpuunt laborem,
Vt totum ſibi vendicent honorem:
Tandem & Regia naſcitur Propago;
Sol clarus tenebras malas propellens.
Hinc grandis cecidit cohors Minarum.
Pallentes procul hinc abite curæ;
Cordis vota, Preces adeſte fidæ:
Cæleſtem Anglia cogitet favorem,
Hoſtes & Metuant. Mari, viriſq;
Regis viſcera fortius miniſtrant
Munimen, CAROLUSq; Sceptra Trina
Poſſit ſanguine de ſuo tueri.

CAROLUS SHIRLEY *Baronettus*
*Coll. Mert.*

ÆMula committunt Odii certamina Iberus
Et Belga; utq; alter posset, uterq; perit.
Germanos Sueci perimunt vel peste, vel ense:
Et solùm datur iis vivere, posse mori.
Militat & CAROLUS, sed amans: gratamq; MARIÆ
Vim facit; ut, sine vi, possit amare magis.
Innocuum certamen! Amor quo natus: amandi
Sitq; satis firmum Pignus, amâsse priùs.
Esto tam sacræ Litis fæcunda, MARIA:
Quâ crescit Proles regia, crescit Amor.

P. ALLIBOND *Proc. Sen.*
*Coll. Linc.*

DUm populus fremit, & Lymphato excussa Cubili
Sanguineum vibrat Bellona Britannica flagrum;
Dum metuit diros, medico pallente, vapores,
Mistaq; cum vivis contagia noxia flabris,
Viscera MARIÆ trepidant, pignusq; molesto
Exponunt lecto, præceps infantulus alvo
Exiliit, pavida nec dum maturus ab alvo.
Quippe Duces geminare opus est, sociiq; cohorte
Imperii rursus malefidam sternere gentem.
Nec cui Bellator parvis damnetur in armis,
Cunarum quondam labor exuperaverat angues,
Et læto intortos compescuit omine gyros.
Regali de stirpe suo vel nomine pugnant,
Quin Laurus prostat titulis, & inanibus umbris.
CAROLE, quem longum Puerorum syrma parentem
Effecit, lectiq; iterata charismata, frontem

Imbue, non ultra dubio diademate; si non
Hæc ætas miseras satagit componere lites,
(Atq; utinam hæc ætas!) Hæres tamen alter, & alter,
Ferrato geminum compinget in aggere Ianum.

NICOL. GREAVES *Procur. Iun. Coll. Omn. An.*

NOn hic Sagunti partus, ut cedat retrò
Perterritum infantis caput:
Spondet salutem patriæ ridens Puer:
Regina quem nobis parit.
Ne ventre pleno tumeat in jejuniis;
O Illa quam parit piè!
Quid vota suspicamur aut cassas preces,
Si Principem cælum dedit?
Hoc pignus esto: Tuq; jam, Cæsar, cape
Ius liberorum bis trium.

MAT. SKINNER R. P. *Episc. Brist. fil. & Coll. Trin. alumn.*

SOlemus almis auspicari Regia
Genethla Fatis, Principum Cunabula
Astro imputare, providæ frontis, novo:
Galileus imis prendit Vrsi fimbriis
Stellæ renatæ posteras scintillulas,
Trepidoq; vulgo spes inanes ingerit
Metusque, nuper cogniti miraculi:
Mihi cogitanti litis infestæ notas

Tumultuantis

Tumultuantis seculi, neutro Polo
Signum Furoris repperi, Terram tamen
Ferè Sideratam repperi, Terram tamen
Desideratum Caroli Germen levat.

Sam. Evans LL. *Bac.*
*Nov. Coll. Soc.*

CAuta opportunos subiisti, Diva, Labores,
Agminibus nostris quæ paris, Alma, Ducem.

R. Grenvile *ex Aul. Gloc.*

ECce Ducem nobis fælici sydere natum,
Fluctibus in mediis, ac tempestatibus Orbis,
Tempore grassantis Belli, Martisq; ferocis,
Quid tandem majus divini pignus amoris?
Vt nostro fulsit Cælo ceu clarus Apollo,
Lux orta est, habuere suum Iejunia funus,
Excepitq; dies tenebras, noctemq; doloris.
Sic tristis subito facies mutata Theatri est,
Cum Deus in scenam placidus descendat ab Alto.
Salve Matris Amor, gentisq; Ancile Britannæ,
Certa fides pacis firmæ, placidæq; quietis,
Alcides alter natus frænare Gigantes,
Et fulcire Iovis nostri Diadema Britannum,
Et patrem firmare Throno, Sceptrumq; tueri,
Nec certè fallunt vanæ præsagia mentis.

Tu nobis Clypeus, Tu Murus Aheneus eſto,
Anglia non vallis, CAROLI ſed Sanguine tuta eſt.

G. HOBBS *Coll. Mag. A. M.*

AT ter-beato Quem CAROLO parit
Regina? num ſtella egreditur ſinu
Ignita cœleſti, parentum
Pectora quæ placido urat igni?

Terreſtris aut Sol, omne decus globi,
Qui (ni augurentur Pierides malè)
Luſtrabit olim Anglos lucernâ
Auricomâ, & propiore Curru.

IAC. BELLEW *Coll. Oriel. Armig. fil. nat. Max.*

PIgnus, an Omen erat, qui vitâ abſterritus Infans
Denatus in Matrem redît:
Et renuit Cunas Clypeatas, Marte movendas,
Séq; indè vertit in fugam:
Vt fugit in Calycem, ſævas cum ſenſerit auras,
Capſâq; ſe abdit flos tener?
Pignus, & Omen erit, ſed & Omen lætius, Ille
Tonantis inſtar qui Patris
Tympanaq; & Lituos vagitu terruit, Armis
Violanda membra haud induens,
Nec violanda metu, quantum horreo Numinis ortus,
Ortus nec ipſe horret ſuos:

His

His similes referat quos fert nascendo Triumphos,
Et vita nesciat Metus.

FR. HERVEY *Eq. Aur. fil. nat. max. ex Æde Ch.*

HAud equidèm obstrepimus fatis, Rapidovè rotãtes
Iam querimur Stygias stamine pensa deas.
Grata puerperio pensantur damna sepulchri:
Principe vel nato, mitior Orcus erit.
Penè fides tumuli languet, bustiq; peracti:
Nec peragi ritus vis (Libitina) tuos.
Visa simul nasci, nato cum Principe, Princeps,
Aut saltem visa est non cecidisse cadens.
Ite Duces proprio stipati robore. Tantùm
Regia Regali ferveat aula Choro.
Audiat accinctus nullusq; satellite Princeps
Regnator, tot, quot Regia Principibus
Turba fremens, Sacrisq; furens, motusq; rebellis,
Armaq; diviso Cæsare victa jacent.

HERBERTUS VAUGHAN *Equ. Aur. fil. unicus. Coll. Iesu Soc. Commensalis.*

QUæ nova dant fastisociis Iejunia festis?
Proh facinus, lachrymis ebria festa suis!
Importuna pios incessant gaudia luctus;
Et violant hilares Tristia Thura genæ.
Vitalesnè Deus suspiria vertit in auras?
Vnum & pro cunctis vulnere fiere caput?

Nunc

Nunc inter cineres Phœnix ſubnaſcitur alter.
Et Baptiſma dabit, quicquid ab ore fluit.
Ipſe Deus, pretium, deſcendit in imbre, doloris.
Et Terris pietas, quod veneretur, habet.
Fruſtrà Hydras reparant, fruſtrà nova monſtra laceſſunt,
Alcides cunis militat iſte ſuis.
Claſſica ne metuas Regina, minaſq; rebelles;
Quod Viciſſe aliis, hoc Peperiſſe Tibi eſt.

ANDREAS NEWPORT *Eq. Aur. fil.*
*ex Æd. Chr.*

לבב בך בך מה רוב ט--פא
רבב רך לך רה גרב א--פא
סבב פך טך כה חרב כ--פא
תה כרב ח--פא

אנש חר חר נא תרב א--תה
לבש צר כר בא רוב ע--תה
רגש גר יר לא סרב פ--תה
רא טרב ש--תה

IA. HAMMILTON A. B.
*Coll. Æn. Naſ.*

NOs ſacco indutos, fælici Principis ortu,
Mæſtos ac hilares reddidit una dies.

ROB. SMITH è *Coll. Bal. Equit.*
*Aurati fil. nat. Max.*

FÆcunda Messis Veris excepit vices,
Et *Iulius* dat *Cæsarem.*
*Thetinq́; Phæbus* jam procarier volens,
Vices resignat Alteri,
Diemq; (mersus ipse) dat Britanniis
(Phaetonte gestiens) novum:
Phaetonte, Terras haud iniquis æstibus
Torrente, sed jam Torridas
Beante, fotu luminis grati, suas.
En Hospitem Gratissimum!
Certumq; fausti Nuntii Propempticon!
Compescet Ille Sirii,
Olim furores Arctici, nec cremia vult
Septem Triones urere.
Fæcunda semper Borbonis! Mater, ferax
Fælicitatum, pergito!
Populus *Sequaces* præbeat, CAROLUS *Duces*,
Utero sed acceptos Tuo!

H. CLAY *Coll. Mag. Soc.*

ΤΟν βασιλῆ, ἡμᾶς τε ἐπὶ ϛυγνοῖσιν ἀθύμους
Σφόδρα ἐϋφραίνει τέκνον, ἄναστα, τέον.
Λοιμοῦ καὶ πολέμου νῦν ἔλπεο παῦσιν ἔσεσθαι,
Δῆλον γὰρ, βασιλεὺς ὅττι μίμηλε θεῷ.

ED. SILVESTER *Art. Mag.*
*Coll. Bal.*

SAt genuiſſe Ducem; tanto ſatis auſpice bella
Inire: pignus cælitùs demiſſum erit.
Sic Regina paris tantâ cum prole triumphos,
Simulq; Princeps prodit, & Victoria.
Spondeat hic Anglis Heroïcus alta trophæa,
Tragicúmq; Iambus iſte Scotis exitum.

RO. BARRELL A. M. *Coll. Magd. Soc.*

MAdame, *le Ciel vous fiſt naïſtre*
*Pour preſerver cet Vnivers:*
*Sans vous l' Europe ſ'en va n'eſtre*
*Qu'vn grand tombeau de cadavers.*

*On diroit, que l' Enfer ne retient plus Megere.*
*La terre boit le ſang de cent mille Guerriers.*
*Mais vous faites des fils, deſquels le Monde eſpere*
*Pour vn hyver de maux, vn Printemps de lauriers.*

*Cependant; que Bellone enſanglante la terre:*
*Que l' Eſpagne, & l' Autriche tombent deſſous ſes loix,*
*Plus de Princes naiſtront de vous en Angleterre*
Madame, *qu'il ne faut a l' Europe de Roys.*

BREVINT. de la Societé de Ieſus.

Dum

DUm furit in reliquo Tempestas bellica mundo,
Imbreq; purpureo Terra rigata madet:
Dum tremit interno concussa Britannia motu,
Et quatit intùs agens anxia corda Timor:
Exhaustas imples numeroso Principe Terras,
Quosq; aufert Mavors, reddit amica Venus.

Quam post bella dedit divina propago Mariæ
Pacem orbi, hanc revoces omine & ipsa pari.
Utq; olim Ægæo Delos jactata profundo,
Latonæ ad partus æquore fixa stetit:
Insula sic nostra, Arctoo quassata tumultu,
Esto puerperiis fixa (Maria) tuis.

G. Ashwell *Soc. Coll. Wadh.*

TE sacri Genium tori coruscum
Mirari liceat, decus jugale:
Quem proles numero suo (rubescant
Antiqui) probat unius maritum;
Venustum, vegetumq;, eumq; Regem.
Cœlum hinc tot Boreæ renidet astris,
Nec septem modo computant Triones.
At longi citò stemmatis triumphos
Quis censere potest? ut omnis infans
Augustam cumulans domum, sit altum
Notorum mare, *Vena porta* Regum,
Quos hinc inde, atavos avosq; tangit.
Huc & Borbonii scatet Monarchæ,
Et Cimbri & Gothici redundat Ichor.

Quævis guttula ſanguinis STUARTI
Sic eſt imperii Character ampli.
Paullum ergo attonitus fileſcit orbis,
Motûs detumuit novi procella.
Sic quando Halcyone, freti imperatrix,
Naturæ ſtupor, Architecta mira,
Neptuno in medio recondit ova,
Torpes Æole, lævigaris æquor,
Divi ut cœrulei tridente ſtratum.
Quondam à matre Rheâ Dei rubentis
Vagitus bene tympanis latebant,
Imbelles ſtrepitus Iovem tegebant.
Par famæ CAROLI ſonabit infans.
Vult Rex ut ſuperet tubas avena;
Tintinnabula præboent canoris
Gradivi lituis, arundo Cornu,
Barritus reprimant feros ſuſurri
Lallantes, hilaris Celeuſma nutrix.
Cogi an poſſe negat, ſit ut beatum,
Devotum exitio genus futuro?
Poſthac non profugos levatus ulnis
Regi conciliet tenellus infans:
Quos laxæ feriet ſtupore linguæ
Rex eſt, hinc procul eſte parricidæ.
Pæana edidit exiens in auras,
Non fletu reſonans Io triumphe.
Hoſtis jam exanimis Catellus omen
Plorantis pueri dedit peremptus.
Pulchra en Symbola pectoris puſilli,
Bulla, ut Conſilii, eſt imago cordis.

Te

Te Lucina igitur recèns vocata
Commendant genitrix Venusq; Marti.
Cùm sit Crassi, Oleum tuæ Minervæ,
Vel præponere Civicam Coronæ.
Te castra excipiant pudica castum.

Vndiq; bacchantis mundi nutante theatro,
Æquoris horrisoni semoto in vertice tuti
Qui spectatores fuimus, quibus irrita gentis
Vix procul ignotæ mulserunt classica somnos,
Nos infra placidum positos sentimus Olympum,
Intrepidas superûm sedes; animata ruinis,
Hic ubi traducunt lethali fædere vitam;
Ingentemq; vorax nutrit Discordia molem.
Maturè nisi succurrant obstacula, venti
Sponte efflant animas; fiuntq; incendia bustum
Ipsa sibi, si non conjuncto de hoste triumphant.
Sic resides animos tandem, deforme veternum,
Segmina luxuriæ, pacis lætamen obesæ
Profligare datur. Leviori vulnera nolunt
Tractari Lernæa manu. Ne barbarus agros
Invidus has segetes; cudendi in pila ligones.
Atqui illos ciet in Martem cum carmine Barda
Nescio quæ, secreta canens, quibus utitur herbis
Thessala, nescimus qua parte oracula fundat.
Fatidicæ sitiens pendebat ab ore puellæ,
Cuicunq; immiti sceptro dominatur Egestas,
Auri dira fames, & amor malesuadus honorum,
Quos raptu amittat; quem dignum Principis irâ
Nullus honor faciet. Quasi relligione solutos

Prodigioſa illos pietas jubet eſſe ſceleſtos.
Sive illis Scythicæ fæcis crudeſcit origo,
Plauſtralis populi rapuitve erratica virtus.
Non omnes Arimaſpus atrox, Cyclopea monſtra
Vos genuit torvos, informi lumine fixos
Privatis opibus rebuſq; , ad cætera luſcos.
Maſſagetum ſi quæ ſupereſt de gente propago,
Quæ totos ſiccabat equos, quæ excepit amicos
D. prompto, plenos cyathos ſtillante, caballo;
Non Dominum ſitiebat Equi. Spargenda cruore
Suntne Equitis Conſanguinei nova Taurica ſacra?
CAROLE, quò facias tales manſueſcere fauces,
Dedoceaſq; feras; crebrò tibi germinet arbor
Vmbratura orbem; propriiſq; penatibus ultor,
Qui face degeneres vaſtet ferroq; colonos.
Regales acies video turmaſq; videre,
Et quaſi cognatos Fabii de ſtirpe maniplos.
(Ne virtus immenſa nimis properantibus obſit!)
Deſint interea ne qui tua ſigna ſequantur,
Inflavit quos nondum animis Rhamnuſia juſtis,
Quos ſtupidos nec Enyo movet; quot tela vacabunt,
Tot reddet fortuna viros. Tibi propria quercus
Myrmidonas tradet gnavos. Tibi terra creabit
Armatas ſegetes, civili ſanguine puras,
Belliferas glebas. Terræ tibi viſcera fundent,
Sive inſperatos, argentea fæcula, nummos.

IOH. BEESLEY *A. M. Nov. Coll. Socius.*

CAROLUS

CAROLUS indixit, solvit Iejunia Conjux,
Dapibusq; pascit Regiis,
Siccine, tam lauto vesci tragemate Faunos,
Panis secundus queis fat est?
An nobis Mensam sternet *Regina*, *Ducesq;*
Apponet ipsa subditis?
Ecce (Hospes!) jam plena Tibi conviva propinat,
Redintegratq; pocula.
Nec MARIA contentus abit, non pentade plenus,
HENRETTA quin supervenit:
Entheus & Madido cantat tua dona cerebro,
Midasq; Phæbum provocat.
Sic non sola *Duces*, (Mater,) paris ipsa Poetas,
Fæcunda ditans pectora.

R. HARE *Coll. Mag. Com.*

ANne, hospes, nostris vitem dum quæris in oris,
Quòd vineta vides nulla, nec esse putas,
Dum per agros erras? erras, age, ad oppida vertas,
Atq; ubi stat CAROLI Regia celsa, petas;
Nec mirere, foràs cum non inveneris illam,
Cur etiam in domibus non sterilescat humus;
Nec rogites, quali humectetur vitis ab imbre;
Nec qui eum radiis nutrit Apollo suis;
Ipse Deus vitem CAROLINAM nutrit, & imbrem
Ipse Deus præbet, vinitor ipse Deus.
Albion hinc tantis gemmis celeberrima, teq;,
Frigidior quamvis, palmes, Ierna, beat.

sed

(Sed quid ego vitem dixi, cùm Iupiter ipſe,
Et quæ turba alia eſt officioſa Deûm,
Hos CAROLI ramos ſua quiſq; inſignia poſcat,
Æmulus utq; ſuum ſic tueatur opus?
Iupiter, arbor, ait, mea; Dat munimina regnis.
Doctis noſtra, inquit Phæbus, amica viris.
Sed mea, Bacchus ait, mæſtis ſolamina præbet.
Sic alii. Totum hoc ſtirps CAROLINA dabit.)
Ito, Hoſpes, noſtris dic quanta feracia terris,
Plus quoq; viſurus, ſed citò quæſo redi.

T. STEVENS *Art. Mag. Coll. Pemb.*

NOſtri & futuri mater imperii, ſuo
Proſpexit, & proſpexit alterius throno.
Ne deeſſet orbi Populus, aut deeſſet pius,
Regina Regno Principem, & populum creat.
Sic Phæbus inter ſyderum regnat choros,
Radiiſq; numerat de ſuis natum gregem.
Sit ergo Proles veſtra Fabiorum ſimul
Et gente major, atq; ſucceſſu, precor.
Pluſquam dolorum mater, & pluſquam necis,
Fæcunda nunc es prolis, & vitæ parens.

T. W. LL. *Bac. Ioan.*

Iam

IAm meritò tua Regna paras, Iamq; Agmina venter
Opportuna Creat; Boreali tuta Tumultu
Armabis Teneras Acies, Gentemq; Tuorum
Ex utero mittas, tanquam de parte Relictâ,
Aut Regni regione Novâ; plus Falcia victrix,
Quam fera Signa juvant; vestrâ est de prole Paratum
Subsidium; ut cesset CAROLUS, Tua lucta rebelles
Sternit, & Armatas terrent Cunabula gentes:
Tanquam nunc Afflata tumes; non ordinis istæc,
Sed monitûs proles; fæto sic enthea corde
Rumpit in Augurium, numenq; Sibylla receptum
Egerit, Auxilium populo cum voce datura:
Hic etiam est uteri vestri labor; Exiit infans
Victor, & haud Titulis solùm *Lancastrius* alter,
Par meritis Heros: Eià Hic, cui Scotia soli
Cesserat; Hic, annis Iustè post terga trecentis,
(Nam natalitiis veniunt stata sæcula Tantis)
Edomuit Boreæ populos, ut Frigora Zelo
Pensarent, Facilesq; accusent climata mores:
Quin de Te læto fas sit Prædicere patri,
Tantus erit! vatesq; ausint (gens præscia veri)
Eximiam nondum Cæptis promittere Metam,
Et Rigida aptantes manibus Puerilibus arma,
Tot numerent Palmas, Tot, nomina Magna, Triumphos:
Nec jam ultrà problema sonet concordia fratrum
Atq; Ducum; vestri certissima vincula Amoris
Vel Pietas, vel mater erit; Faustissima Mater!
Tuq; ô vel superæ Pacis felicius omen,
Tu placitum signata Dei! dum Tempore nixa es
Quo Luctus Hilares, Iejunia Festa creâris:

Quaſq; ſcelus lachrymas juſſit, Tua lucta Repoſcit;
Sat Regno meruit veſter Dolor; una litaſti
Parturiens, natuſq; Tibi, ſit victima nobis:
Iam ſine vel Gemitu CAROLUS, lachrymiſq; viciſsim
Regales linquet Thalamos; cumq; Induet arma
Arripiens Puerum ſæpè Oſcula figet Anhela
Intrepido ferri, nec fulgura ſæva timenti
Thoracis, vultuſq; Trucis; ſed Brachia tendes
Quaſſatas Ridens, captanſq; Crepundia Plumas:
Spes matris, luſuſq; Tuæ! quem ſedula nutrix
(Explorans teneras vires, pectuſq; futurum)
Terrebit ſtrepitu; ſtanſq; Altera Dîa miniſtra
Cunarum à Tergo fictas de murmure vocis
Bombardas, fimuletq; Tubas; aut cùm Pede preſſa
Duriùs Armatum reddant Tabulata Fragorem,
Infans erigeris; velutiq; accitus in Hoſtem
Aut crotalum, aut veſtes in proxima tela capeſſes;
Auſus & Herculeam nutrici tendere Dextram,
Vix etiam credens Riſuræ ludicra matri:
Mox ubi vix Iuſto firmes veſtigia greſſu,
Quas Pugnas imitêre? quot Acta & nomina Regum
Aſſiduus tibi ludus erunt? nec Fratribus unquam
Hoſtis, at Auxilium ſemper fingêre daturus;
Patricios Tantùm pariles tua provocet ira,
Quos ridens Ferias, ſpoliumq; Crepundia Raptes:
His Tu Deliciis Matrem: Sic noſtra Bimeſtris
Explicet (Hèu parcæ vix tantus!) Prælia luſus;
Donec, per domito Redeat quum CAROLUS hoſte,
Arma triumphantem poſcas luſoria patrem.

RICH. GODFREY. *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

Qui

QUi velit Angligenæ fastos evolvere Gentis,
(Credit avita quibus Stemmata prisca fides)
Vix Regem inveniet, Cui stirps numerosior illâ,
Quam CAROLO peperit sola MARIA suo.
Macte Parens esto: Sic, cui non Anglia novit,
Gens Tibi jactabit nulla futura, parem.

Quid tardam segetem, & messem miramur in herbâ?
Reginæ cedit quicquid ubiq; parit.
Ipsa parens Tellus (quoniam fœcundior Illa est)
Post MARIÆ partum parturiisse cupit.

EDM. COLES *Art. Bac. Coll. Nov. Socius.*

ET nascuntur adhuc Titulis nova Pignora notis,
Nominaq; alterius Dux Ducis Alter habet.
Ipse pater toties audis; qui nascitur, Hæres
CAROLE, non Tuus est Filius ille Tuus.
Præcedens ævum dedit hæc Cognomina, priscus
Et baptizatus prodiit ipse Puer:
Sed tamen intingas (rogat hoc *Lancastria*,) serò,
Et novus antiquum diluat Omen Herus.
Iam poterint plenis perhibere negotia fastis,
Et Titulos lassent, non Tua Regna, Duces.
Vota licet populi superent, non vota fatigent,
Nec faciat numerus vilius esse decus.
Festa veni; paries anni quâ parte, MARIA,
Mensis adhuc nobis Iulius omnis erit:

Credeturque Tuus Dux major Cæsare, turmas
Terruit hostiles Hic Vir, at Ille Puer.

SAM. EVERARD *Æd. Ch. Alumn.*

QVales benignus sol dat influentias,
Clarum Britannicis Iubar:
Vt Terra fructus exhibens uberrimos:
Nec Corvum hiantem luserit:
MARIA prole taliter gratissimâ
Fœcunditatem germinat
Musis subinde Academicis, Quibus pudor
Fætum edidisse posthumum.
Quin ergo junctis progredi laboribus,
MARIA, Musæ, gestiunt.
Regina CAROLO Principem, parilem ferunt
Vtrisque Musæ Gratiam.

GILB. COLES. N. C. *Socius. A. B.*

VEriùs ut celebres Iejunia, siccine corpus
O Regina paras attenuare tuum?
Facundo gemitu dolor anceps viscera torsit,
Voxque precantis erat quæ parientis erat.
Nomine nunc meritò poteris gaudere MARIAE,
Nam tibi fit partus Relligionis opus.

ROB. LVTE *Ecclesiæ Christi Alum.*

Sacra

SAcra coronatis Nymphæ secluſa caniſtris
Dum genibus flexis, facili dextrâque miniſtrant,
Pieriæ, Regina, tuo gratantur honori,
Plaudenteſque canunt alternâ voce Sorores:
Anglia, tu fælix, fælix. Et Hibernia, gratâ
Autumnus cùm lætificet modò prole Britannos:
Fata licèt partus nimiùm violenta prioris
Spem rapuere, tamen cælo nova ſtella ſereno
Emicat, horrorem Borealibus incutit oris;
Ingenitâ *Scoticos* & ſolvet luce vapores.
Sic, ſic enaſci deſecto palmite fætus
Vidimus arboreos, geminoſque reſurgere ramos;
Inde, MARIA, tibi ſtirpem CAROLOQVE beatam;
Et plura Angliacæ promittis pignora genti.

I. GEERS. *Nov. Coll. Schol.*

SCotigenas proprio poteris domuiſſe lacerto,
Nativos peperit Cùm tibi ſponſa duces:
CAROLE ſiſte gradum: Conducti militis enſem
Surripe: namque aciem Veſtra propago facit.

GVLIELMVS LEY *Eccl. Ch. Alumn.*

MAgna tuo ex utero, Divina Puerpera, Virtus
Adeſt & alijs Matribus.
Prolem noſtra ſuam profert Academia Mater,
Nos & Puerperi ſumus,
Stirps ſunt ingenij ſoboleſq; Poemata noſtri,
Libriq; nobis liberi,

Mîsalit in Cerebro, audito peperisse MARIAM,
Infantulus præ Gaudio.

I. DAWSON. *Nov. Coll.*

QValis Fugatâ Nocte Supervenit
Castor stupenti Nubila navitæ:
Cùm jam Recenti gratulatur
Attonitus Palinurus Astro,

Inter dolores, & Cineres Micans,
Luctusq; nostros, insolitum jubar
Lucem Nefastam Sancit: Ipsam
Reddidit & Minio notandam.

Dùm voce multâ Percutimus Polum,
Gratoq; cœlum Tundimus impetu,
Donatus est Princeps: Precantem
Sic Populum superi Repensant:

Cedant Rebelles, & Metuant suum
Accire Flagrum: Regius & Puer
Bello paratur, Mox Futura
Ex utero properans ad Arma.

Ipsos ministras CAROLE Milites,
En nacta Reges Aula satellites!
Ni Fata frendent, invidentque,
Iam sileant Priamum Poetæ.

RICH: GEALE. *Æd. Chr. Alum.*

CAROLE

CAROLE sustentas tot qui tua regna columnis,
Quot non sublimis Regia sol is erat:
Sæcula non magis imperiis, quàm lumina musis
Vt fundas lætis magnus Apollo tuis:
Vivida qui elicias radiis tot germina castis,
Tu Medicos terris, non Phaethonta dabis.
Iamq; suum scribat quemcunq; Britannia civem,
Hac fit natalis Virbius arte novus.
Munifico influxu genitum Pythona sagittis
Conficies, Tellus quem dolet esse suum.

R. IONES *Nov. Coll. Soc.*

MErcurio devota dies jejunia jussit,
Hinc paris impleti nobile ventris onus.
Odit enim plenos uteros lux ista (MARIA)
Nempe Tibi partus religiosus erat.
Tam benè conveniunt ducibus tua festa, tuoq;
Præsunt Mars pariter, Mercuriusq; toro.
Quanta hæc fælicis regni sunt omina, natus
Militiâ magis hic polleat, anne togâ.
Tam pia, quam fœcunda, tuos regina Britannos
Pondere nunc uteri fertiliore beas.
Fertilis ipsa tuis, sic fertilis Anglia donis;
Illa suos fructus præbuit; ipsa tuos.
Sed tua nunc clypeata seges, sic fertilis ipsa es,
Vt Regni Mater sis, columenq; tui.
Frustrà veligeræ concrescunt æquoris urbes,
Frustrà plebs bellum conglomerata tonat:
Prodiit è castâ jam tandem exercitus alvo,

Atq;

Atq; utero cedat *Scotia* tota tuo.
Quam benè præteriti compensas tædia luctus,
Dum superis pariter Tu, CAROLOQVE paris.

TH. BENSON *Æd. Chr. Alum.*

QVam fortunato rata sunt jejunia jussu!
Lucina, ut Cereris suppleat, ista, vicem!
Nam surrepta sibi dum venter edulia poscit,
Prandia sunt vestri Nuntia sacra tori.
Sic Lautè satur esse potest qui vescitur Auris,
Si Natum spiret Nobilis Aura Ducem.

Contrà Fœdifragos, quos *Martius* obsidet Horror,
Militet hæc nostri Fama puerperij.
Non ita Lethali resonabunt Classica cantu,
Nec graviore gemet buccina rauca Nece.
Protegit & regnum MARIÆ Vis: inque Futura
Provida regales instruit, Arma, duces.
Hoc Cautela potest, Hoc Præmeditatio dici:
Præscia sic Superûm Mens peperisse solet.

IOH. GODFREY *Æd. Ch. Alumn.*

PVlchrum Dolori præmium repensatur;
Et dum timemus Pestilentias, Bella,
Dator Salutis nascitur, Dator Pacis:
Hunc si videret Æger, an mori posset?
Hunc si Rebellis, arma ferret in Regem?
Infantis est Vis mira, qui Dei donum est,

Iejuniorum

Iejuniorum Filius, Precum Natus;
Lucina vitam dat aliis, Fides Illi.
Nimis benignum est Numen, & preces audit
Nondum peractas; cogimurq; Gaudere
In veste pullâ; canimus, & simul flemus.
Nec vota primis terminentur in Cunis;
Non sat beatos efficit, Piè Nasci,
Sit similis Infanti Vir, innocens, purus,
Populoq; gratus, Carolo, & Iovi, charus,
Dux Fortis itidem ac Iustus: Angliæ partem
Eo foveat Ardore, quo Pater Totam:
Sit tanta vitæ Sanctitas, Quies tanta,
Vt, cùm Beatos meritus iverit Cœlos,
Vix se suam mutasse Patriam credat.

Edm. Vnderwood *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

CHaritum Vna quondam Trinitas: Mysterium hoc:
Cupidinum nunc Altera; hoc Miraculum.
Vnus Carolus; at Filiorum Trinitas:
Vna est Maria; at Filiarum Trinitas.
Tres Caroli; sed, ecce! Pater est Vnicus:
Tres sunt Mariæ; at, ecce! Mater Vnica.
Vnus Carolus; Idemq; numerosus Pater:
Vna est Maria; Eademq; Mater plurima.
Saturnus Vnus; ast Ter enixa est Rhea.
Vna est Venus; non sic & Vna, Gratiæ.
Neptunus Vnus est; sed hic Tridentem habet.

O nos Britannos, Gentis Invidiam Exteræ,
Fælicitate ter-Beatos Unicâ!

I. PRICE *Nov. Coll. Schol.*

ETiámne natis ambulas cinctus rosis?
Et certiores gignis imperii notas?
Etiámne ramis pullulat sceptrum datis?
Tuisq; stemma Regium digitis tenes?
Etiámne gemmis nectitur capiti novis
Tuo Corona, non maris fundo erutis?
Etiámne numero syderum fulgentium
Sinus statuitur conjugis *via Lactea?*
Ergóne summi vendicas titulum Iovis,
Vt sis Deorum Pater, & Hominum Rex tuis?
Ergóne divis sacra pulvinaria
Iám displicent, tuáq; eligunt cunabula?
Sic, CAROLE, nobis (perge) dones sydera.
Sic (perge) nobis sic jube jejunia:
Quæ non, ut illivaniores aucupes
Famæ, peragere tristiori possumus
Sic fronte: novit quippe sic vacuus cibo
Latrare stomachus absq; rugarum minis.
Sic (perge) nobis sic jube jejunia.

THOM. SEVERNE *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

Carcere

CArcere Materno ut clausus persenserat Infans
Ad Bellum accinctos æra ciere Duces:
Ex utero erupit, quasi nollet tædia tantæ
Ferre moræ, dum sic tympana ad arma vocant.
Omen virtutis faustum! cui classica in ipso
Matris ventre placent, qui vir adultus erit?

ARTH. AMHERST.

ERgò tibi nunquamne uterus, regina, fatiscet?
Nec sterilem *Henrettam* sentiet ulla dies?
Hinc Phœbusq;, & Mars, & Amor Te matre super-
Parvus adhuc: illinc Iuno, Minerva, Venus. (bit
Iamq; faceſſat anus Cybele: MARIA deorum,
Ni fallor, posthac unica mater erit.

W. THOMAS *Coll. Wad.*

PIgnoris ad superos evecti funus abundè
Compensant cœli; sic periisse juvat.
Sic, quæ fida Manus commisit Semina terræ,
Autumno hæc, aucto fœnore, læta capit.
Hunc tibi si spondet fructum, Regina, Sepulchrum;
Venturis sæclis quæ tibi Messis erit?

TH. PRICE *Coll. Iesu Alum.*

QVàm pulchrè ad libitum tumet MARIA!
Quàm consulta parit! memor Puellæ,
Quæ, Festis mediis misella nascens,

Noſtros interiit peroſa luxus,
Ieiunî peperit Die ſacrati,
Lucinam lachrymis vocante Regno:
Sic Templi ſobolem recludit alvus;
Sic Votum magè, quàm Propago, prodit.
O pergas, precor; & (negante vulgo)
Tu grato CAROLUM bees tributo;
Agmen ſuppeditans, & Arma, Natos:
Felix qui pharetram gerit refertam
His telis; minimè timebit hoſtem.

WALT. BLANFORD *A.B.*
*è Coll. Wadh.*

CUræ nunc valeant, videt Coronæ
Tres natos triplici Tonans Britannus,
Queis hoſtes feriet, velut Triſulco:
Cum tali Oceanus ſuum Tridente
Defendet regimen. Ducem hunc fatemur.
Ad pugnas genitum: cruenta Pallas
Lucina adfuit, audiit tumultus
Vix natus Puer, & velut Minerva
Vulcani ad ſonitum, exilit Tenellus,
Patri ut præſidium ferat vel Infans.

GULIELM. SNOW
*Æd. Ch, Alum.*

SExta patris viva effigies, ſalveto: (piorum
Ignoſcas rudibus votis) tibi vota preceſq;

(Quod

(Quod licet) offerimus: nullos altaria fumos
Noſtra vomunt: nullus vittis redimitus ad aras
Procumbit taurus: tangunt mortalia cœlos
Fata ipſos; ipſi celebrant Iejunia Divi.
At cur, chare puer, dum nos Iejunia mœſti
Feſta agimus, miſeras placuit tibi viſere terras,
Et vultu renovare tuo? (non vanus Apollo
Sim precor, ô ſuperi) pacatam numinis iram
Credimus, & cœlum cum terris fœdus inire.
Fœderis ipſe venis pignus; det Iupiter (opto)
Ne uiolent fœdus mortales: Teſſera tantâ,
Ne pereat, commiſſa fide; ſed mitior aura,
Te ſalvo, incumbat nobis, gentiq; Britannæ!
Oh tantum poſſunt lachrymæ? jejunia tantum?
Sæpius irriguis lacrymis exundet ocellus
In proprias reſolutus aquas: torrente frequenti
Æſtuet, & tremulæ mergantur flumine ripæ.
Palleſcat macie facies; & pectora tota
Corrodat jejuna fames; juvat uſq; dolere:
Numina ſi valeant cœlo deducere, nobis
Ipſi arridebunt fletus; & languida, lautis
Inſtructas dapibus, vincent Iejunia menſas.

Per. Mews. *Joan.*

CAROLE quid luges, Niobeq; Britannia? prolem
Quæritis amiſſam: petit ecce renata paternos
Amplexus, rediitq; tuo medicina dolori.
Deſine curarum, mœſtiq; inſignia fati
Sperne, nova in cunis tibi planta repullulat, Agri

Floſculus hic veſtri, tua ſic Regina fefellit
Fatum, quemq; dedit peccans Libitina dolorem,
Provida diminuit; ſat nos, Natura, beâſti
Principibus, ſoliumq; Auguſtâ prole coronas.
Tres Soles, totidem puro cum lumine Lunas
Aſpicimus, cœlo ſtent iſta immota paterno
Aſtra diù, tardos ſerò occaſura per annos.

TH. VAUGHAN *Coll. Ieſ. Alumn.*

ESt aliis belli rabies cum funere multo;
Plurima vel victor vulnera ferre ſolet.
Sed nos bella juvant, & fertilis ipſa ruina.
Dic ubi non vita eſt, prælia ſi pariant?

FR. NICOLLS *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

DVm ſacra fervent vota jejunî tibi
(Dilecte cœlo CAROLE) præripuit preces
Adhuc calentes ore feſtinans deus:
Tanquam pudebat vota quòd nondum tua
Præoccupaſſet, ſed ope compenſat moram,
Vicariumq; mittit è cœlo Ducem
*Lancaſtrienſem*, quem, velut lapſum Iovem
Tibi militantem, Iure formidant Scoti.
Septentrionem penè conglaciat metus,
Nobis quòd uno mille natali duces
Naſcuntur, unus, inſtar eſt exercitûs,
De ſtirpe Caroli: quotq; nati regii,
Tot computamus eſſe legiones tuas.

Amica

Amica bello turba, pacifico gravis!
Vestræne posse creditis regem fugæ
Sentire damnum? Gente de tuâ subit
Numerosa proles, sola sufficiens patri
Præstare regnum, servat Alcides Iovem,
A quo Gigantes monte non tuti latent
Multo obvoluti, cujus & cunas tremit
Borealis Hydra capite multiplici tumens.
Non ergo utramq; magnus incassum colit
CAROLUS Dianam, quæq; dat toties feras,
Quæq; obstetrice filios toties manu.

D. WHISTLER *Coll. Mert. Art. Bac.*

INdue, magne puer, longæva in nomine gesta:
Fer Titulo Annales, historiamq; tuo:
Sic Tecum, veluti cum Numine, fabula nata est:
Inq; tuos ortus Turba Poema refert.
Vt Cypriis Gens nata Rosis, de sanguine Rubris,
Mox & adoptivo sanguine Candidulis.
Nunc quoq; certabunt pariter Candorq; Pudorq;:
Et feret alterius victor uterq; decus.
Iam Præli Famæq; labor, dum nasceris, exis:
Quot vates faciet vita? Tot Ortus habet.

I. RAMSAY *ex Æd. Ch.*

Ligatec

Ligate ad aras victimam, centum boves,
Et alteros centum coronemus; pio
Odore tandem reficiatur languida
Lucina; magnas sudat ad cunas Dea.
Memor doloris pristini, & partûs gravis
HENRETTA, non implorat, at punit Deam
Partu frequenti. Sola tormentum thori
LUCINA genialis subit. Felix Parens!
Labore parili HENRETTA meditare, & paris.
Iejunia inter festa Tu tantùm Litas,
Non parturis MARIA, quasi fundis preces,
Cum liberos: sic Virgo, vel dum Mater, es.
Quò? quò Puelle? Ingrata præbes gaudia:
Nos lachrymæ, jejunium, & planctus decent,
Quos bella, pestis, quos sua impietas premit.
Hoc pulla Festum vestis, & fletus decent.
Cur ergo lachrymas gaudio turbas novo?
Ipsosq; cineres Nobili topho notas?
Infantuli mira ambitio, sed & hæc pia!
Iubet eadem sibi Festa sacrari, & Deo.
Tunc mundus Illi placuit, et tunc splenduit,
Cùm pompa vana, cùmq; luxuria abfuit.
Vteriq; faustum Matris Elysium exuit,
Suos ut inter vagiat populos puer.
Non patitur Ille mystici Fontis moras;
Illotus etiam Christianus ut audiat.
Mentis MARIÆ pignus, haud Vteri, fuit.

GILBERT. DETHICK
*Æd. Ch. Alumn.*

Semi.

SEmivirum *Æmonias* librantem, Phœbe, *Sagittas*
Transieras, *Tropicumq;*, timendũ cornibus, *Hircum:*
Iupiter ut sensit, venturo providus anno,
Circuit obliqui stellata palatia cœli;
Nunc, inquit, tumidas resupinet *Aquarius* urnas,
Detrudatq; suas *Piscis* fluviatilis undas,
Tunc *Aries*, *Taurusq;*---inter tam seria Iuno
Se reperisse Iovem gestit; lateriq; propinqua,
*Deserti* nunquamne mei miserebere *Lecti?*
Dixit; &, an *Nullum* nupsi expertura *Maritum?*
Scis, *Illegitimam* velant ut nubila *Prolem*,
Vtq; in pollutis errant *notha Lumina* cœlis.
Hîc Ariadnæum nitet inter sydera sertum,
Gnossiaci tutela soli; hîc (indebita Furti
Præmia!) Agenorei præfulgent Cornua Tauri;
Hîc, hîc Orion; simulati hîc filius auri;
Hîc & Atlanteæ caput exeruere puellæ.
Non satis (ah!) vitiâsse fuit, stuprasse pudicas,
*Suspensa* illiciti quin des *insignia stupri*,
Reddasq; amotum testantia *signa* pudorem?
Quod si nec cœli, nec te mea gratia tangit,
At famæ miserere tuæ: circumspice, clamat
Quilibet *annosum* jam Te vel homuncio *mœchum*.
Sic fata obticuit: cui contra Iupiter; ô mî
Conjux, si *spurii* deturbarentur *alumni*,
Nec nisi *primævo* cœlum splendesceret *astro*,
Deficerent *cæco* mundo sua *Lumina*, partu
Non unquam supplenda tuo: renovare peractam
Ætatem, inq; novum poteris soboleſcere germen?
Tu dic, unde *novis* polus instaurabitur *astris*,

Per ſtyga, per ſtygiis ſi quid ſacratius undis,
Iuro, tot inviſæ trudentur ab æthere ſtellæ.
Illa refert; iterumq; meum cauſabere ventrem
Effœtum, laſſumq; uterum? proh callida dicta!
Cum toties vacuo decumbam frigida lecto,
Noctis ad officium fruſtra expectando Tonantem,
Culpa mea eſt, ſi non pario? ſed jurgia nolo.
Scis, quota Cæſarei frondeſcit virga metalli,
Et quàm multiplici ſuffulta propagine firmat
Se CAROLINA Domus? Curvati machina mundi
Nutet, ut extinctas cœleſtis Regia flammas
Sentiat, attritaſq; faces, larcire ruinam
*Iuno Britanna* valet, fœtam ſi ſolveret alvum.
Illico prodirent *ſtellarum examina*, puros
Quæ radios latæ jaculentur ad extima terræ.
Promiſſis ſta, Magne, tuis; &, *pellice pulſa*,
Terge Domum ætheream, *Mariæq;* inſere *fœtum*.
Annuit Ille; ſimul ſuperos teſtatus & undas,
Cœlituum, nullo ſpurcandis ſydere, tectis
Non niſi ſe *Flores* inſerturum q; *Leones*.

Quantùm *Candeſces*, quantùm (ô) Via Lactea, *Galli*
*Lilia* cum candorem addent! quantumq, *rubebis*,
*Angli* cum *Roſa* juncta tuis, Aurora, quadrigis!

GUIL. BEWE *Art. Bac. & Nov. Col. Soc.*

NEmo ſeneſcentem Mundum, vireſque caducas
Ampliùs inſimulet, cum fertilis eſſe MARIA
Dira puerperii poſt tot diſcrimina tendit.

Iam

Iam nuper jactura gravis, reparabilis, uno
Avulso partus felix non deficit alter.
Casta fave Lucina, superstes tertia regni
Spes maneat, (dignas quò pœnas perfidus hostis
Solvat) &, ut populi, sic vivat Amasius orbis.
Quem si jam in cunis blandum de matre rubentem,
Spirantemq; Rosas Rubras semel aspicis, ortum,
Ingenium, titulos, tanquam consultus Apollo
Fatidicis Delphis, facilè cognoscere possis.

Io. Lamphire, *Nov. Coll. Soc. A.B.*

CLangores inter litui, sonitusq; Tubarum
Nemo vetet gravidas sua tormina ferre Parentes;
Matribus hoc Regina tenet commune; sed ingens
Hoc Partus discrimen habet, repetita Cubile
Quòd notum Lucina intrat, solvitq; dolores
Et Regni & Matris: dubio tremit Aula Tumultu;
Sed dulcis tremor est; quodq; ipsa Puerpera vellet,
Circumstans audit Gemitus, sed & invidet, orbis:
Magnum adeò est peperisse Ducem, quo sospite, per tot
Sæcula speratos *Lancastria* sumit honores.
Serves, Roma, Tibi demissum fulmine scutum,
Imperii pignus: totum hoc, Numa, sit licet ingens,
Nascitur hîc nobis; faustumq; Ancile quotannis
Non dicam è cœlo, sed nec sine Numine Cœli,
Labitur ex utero: sic parturiente Maria,
Rex, memor Imperii decus hinc consurgere certi,
Plura Ipse excudit simili cœ lata figurâ.

H. Gresley *A.B. Ec. Ch. Alum.*

STant volucres, Cancri pedibusq; repagula pulsant
Vltima, Solis equi:
Phœbus, ne carpant stellam propiore futuram
Igne, retraxit equos.
Tandem stella oritur quæ lumina præbeat Anglis;
Lumina nulla Scotis.
Si quis te Vitem fingat, Regina, feracem,
Ore profanus erit.
Tu Dea sola fores nobis, materq; Deorum:
Tu Dea stellifera.
Exornas Anglos quoties Dea sacra fideles
Continuâ sobole?
In terris Octo te jam periisse Planetas
Fas erit asserere.
Ne cœlum tellus præstet splendore refulgens;
Vnus & alter abit.
Vnus & alter abit, citiùs cursumq; peregit,
Quam vaga Luna suum.
Oh reliquos longo Saturnum vincere cursu
A Iove posse precor!

ED. CHAMBERLAINE *A.B. Aul. Ed.*

ARmorum sonitus Parentis alvum
(Et tanquam Meliora Castra) pulsans,
Olim Cæsareo fuit Puello
Ars plusquam Genialis, Ipse Mavors
Lucinæ teneras manus ferebat:
Mox ut prodiit Imperator Audax
Cum Nutrice Aquilam capit Ministram,

Et

Et raris vicibus premens Mamillam
Lambit Cuspidis haud placens Acumen.
Et Tu, magne Puer, tubam secutus,
Parebas CAROLO Tubam regenti.
Qui sic Belligerum salutat Orbem,
Non Blandum nimis, at satis Severum,
Et Marti similem putamus, & Cui
Pro risu veniat venustus Horror.
Nullam ostende Rosam, tenelle, Nullam,
Donec parta beet quies utramq;
Et nullos CAROLUS sciat Rebelles.
Ensem pro Crotalo, Puer, repone,
Atq, Hosti minitare fortis Infans.
In Te mollitiem videre nullam
Fas esto, nisi molliora demùm
Ipsi Pectora jam Scoti resumant.
Venisti Populo cohortis instar,
Solus plurima Turma Tu videris,
Qui nullum refugis malum Popelli,
Mox per singula particeps futurus.
Te nato, pereat tumultus omnis,
Vt Matris, fugiant Patris dolores,
Ne uxorem CAROLUS laboret ultrà.
Tu fi, terminus vt futurus, Infans
Vicinis venias Diremptor Armis,
Tranquilli quoq, restitutor ævi:
Dicetur peperisse iam MARIA
Arcem, non Puerum: voceris indè
*Bervico* melior (putem) secundo.

TH. ILES *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

PRoles lauriferi vivida Cynthii,
Laudes tergeminas, carmine nobiles,
Custodis genialis
Lecti dicite Pronubæ.
Vos grates meritas, dignaq; præmia,
Sacris ferte citò, & debita munera,
Et quicquid videatur
Gratum numinibus, date.
Quorsum? Cælicolæ tantane cœlitùs,
Et quæ participent gaudia singuli
Demisêre; doloris
Vt gens tota sit inscia?
Nescitis? sobolem nobilis alteram
Maria, alma parens (credite) CAROLO
Dilecto, auxiliante
Lucinâ, peperit ducem.
Indignus videor nuntius: amplius
Optatisne bonum? sospite filio, &
Tutâ matre, beatus
Et Rex, & Populus satis.

H. CLARKE *Coll. Mag.*

VIx modò Iejunum novit Britannia Corpus,
Quin pavit crudam ditior Aura famem.
Gens Dilecta Deo! cui sic Orare, Repleri est.
En! Tibi de cœlis & Nova Manna pluit.

R. NICOLLS *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

Ne

NE sis sollicita, ô MARIA, prolem
Quòd nondum parias feraxgemellam.
Hæc communia dona sunt Popelli,
Vulgare sq; Casæ beatitates.
Natura haud potuit duos Tonantes,
Binam Cyprida, Palladem gemellam,
Vno tempore fœta parturire.
Hæc cœlestia stemmata: & labores
Totos artificis Deæ requirunt.
Nec magnâ sobolem Deûm catervâ
Anglizans Opifex dedit minorem.
Virtutes animi, paremq; formam,
Et quicquid CAROLUM decere Regem
Possit, vel CAROLUM loqui Parentem;
Maternas Charitas, venustulamq;
Frontem, labra, oculos, genas, MARIAM
Totam filiolo refert in uno.
Sejunxisse putat nefas Parentum
Dotes germine duplici, ligavit
Nexu quorum animos amor perenni.
Nec ausa est geminum ectypon Parentum
Moliri; toties priùs probata
Ne erraret manus ultimâ Tabellâ.
Sic, cùm Cyprida pingit, elegantes
Zeuxis undiq; congregat Puellas,
Divisam Venerem, facetiasq;
Vnâ jungeret ut manus Tabellâ.
Et nunc, fausta Parens, agas triumphos;
Hoc majus: Tibi in unico Puello,
Fas est innumeris frui gemellis.

GUIL. CREED *A.M. Soc. Ioan.*

SYdera tandem
Deposuere minas;
Et quos fervida pestis
(Cujus vix sitis arida
Expleta est) rapuit tenebrarum
In sedem, & longâ loca nocte silentia ditis,
Reddit in te CAROLO,
Non immemor tanti doloris
Deus, sedebat mœsta cùm peremptâ
Urbs prole. Læto quàm juvat terram pede
Pulsare, & citharæ jungere tympanum!
Si choristarum tremulas aëdon
Sylvestrium voces moderans, novos
Non caneret soboli triumphos:
Vellem nectere flores capiti principis, at Rosæ
Nec violæ supersunt.
Gestit (en) fœcunda Ceres aurea ferre poma,
Nec adhuc arboribus reddidit æstas.
At quid opus nostro certamine? fructibus? corollis?
Ditior Alcinoo vultus tenelli Principis;
Autumnus, & perpetuum ver ejus in ore vigent.

ANT. HODGES *Art. Mag. è Nov. Coll.*

Ἰδὺ τέκνον ἔχεις ἀπολώμενον, ἀλλὰ πέπονθε
Τὴν μεταμόρφωσιν· κύρη ἐγένετ' ἀνήρ.
Οὐκ ἱκανὴ μὲν ἐκείνη Ἄρει, ἱκανώτερ' Ἔρωτι,
Ἔσσεθ' ὁ δὴ ἐρατὸς, καὶ Πολέμαρχος ἅμα.

Ῥόβερτος ὁ Μέγας ἐκ τοῦ τῆς
Μαγδ. Φροντις.

Sæviat

SÆviat Arctoo sidus ferventius Axe,
Sæviat, at nec adhuc moles operosa laborat
Languentis Mundi, dum Tu Formosa MARIA
Sic Fœcunda paris; Nigræ evanescite Nubes!
Nascere, præq; diem veniens age Lucifer almum!
Nascere sidereæ Proles formosa MARIÆ!
Quem jam præcipitis poscit Gens Anglica Belli
(Donum immane) Ducem. Tu si dignabere Cunis
Purpureis vagire tuis, Vox, fulminis instar,
Arcebit profugos in Castra rebellia Scotos.
Sic nempe in cunis recubavit signifer olim,
Alcides, geminosq; elisit fortiter angues.
Nec tibi displiceant Cunabula Maxime Princeps,
Hæc superis placuere semel; Dormivit in illis
Iupiter; &, sacros Tibi qui jam solvit honores,
Latonæ niveis Phæbus pendebat ab ulnis.
Sic in olorinis requierunt Numina Plumis
Tyndaridæ Fratres. Hi prospera sidera nautis;
Tu Nobis majora dabis. Quid Gallia jactas
Fœminea victum toties virtute Britannum?
Majus adest Numen. Quod non te vinciet armis
Fortis in obsequium, sed quod Te vincet amore.
Ecce circumstant Charites frequentes;
Interim molli thalamo reclinis
Imbibas dulcem placidè soporem
Inclyte Princeps.
Spiritum dum Tres rapiunt Sorores
Osculis mixtum, superisq; gratum
Deferunt sacrum, referuntq; quali
Repsit ab ore.

Inde non ficto recinunt precatu
Vota cœlesti Superûm choreæ;
Pro modò nato CAROLI Puello
Iupiter audi.
Duret in longum Generosus Infans,
Perq; non multis iter expeditum
Crescat in mores Patrios, Avumq;
Provocet Actis.
Dignus hic sacra Superum Chorea,
Qui vel in Cunis recubans Sacerdos
Thura Diis, Nardum, (sacra grata) Amomum
Naribus efflat.
Dignus hic Ævo Sociis peracto
Inseri Stellis, nitor unus illis,
Castor hoc, Pollux habitare in illo
Lumine gaudet.
Ergo suo tandem radiet sub Lumine Princeps,
Flavus & Assyrio cinis extinguatur amomo
Sicaniisq; crocis, senio nec fossus inerti
Scandat odoratos Phœnix fælicior ignes!

ED. MARROW. *LL. Bac. Nov. Col. Soc*

EN sacrum Ancile, & demissum pignus ab alto!
Natio quod munus non nisi sancta tulit;
Iejunans, aliquidq; sui largita: resarcit
Totum Infans, multis dignior una caro.
Penè Sacramentum Puer est; Corpusq; Receptum
Non nisi jam Populus mente paratus habet.

ED. GRAY *A. M. ex Æd. Ch.*

En

EN, en Tributum Cæsaris; Divum Organon,
Sese Audiens; Spectator, ac Speculum Patris.
Hoc est Sigillum CAROLI; hoc Ærarium;
Vitæ Sigillum Regiæ, Animi Ærarium.
Ecquis negabit Principem Cusum dare,
Cum Rex Britannis Principem Vivum dedit?
Propriis resurge Horoscopus Natalibus,
Infans, & Omen: Ipse Sors Astris Tuis.
Si Te MARIÆ Tormina, & Nixûs Dolor
Peperissent, isto vilior Pretio fores:
Torquent Favores, quos emunt Injuriæ.
Non est Triumphus ille, sed Strages, Ducis
Cruore siquis constitit: Macerant Dapes,
Cùm ex Asse Domini factus est Hæres Cibus.
Sed Te Quietum Pondus, & Pompam velut
Ovantis Uteri, Lacrymis primis Onus
Etiam expiantem; nulla fecerunt magis
Charum Pericla: Sola detumuit Parens,
Mirata Furtum Pignoris; Prægnans Tuî
Decubuit, experrecta se Matrem stupet.
Sic Stella Partu spargit Æterno Iubar;
Sic Entheatus edit Effatum Tripos;
Natura Species; Mens Facultates creat.
Tu Idea Regis, Ratio, Lux, Oraculum.
Imitere Thalamos Cæsar, & pari otio
Superes Monarchas ipse, quo Conjux parit.
Fatis Rapinam ignoscо, Quæ vix dum datã
Rapuere nuper Virginem; solùm hoc modo
Meritura veniam: Defuit forsan Deis

Materia, quâ componerent Tantum Ducem,
Similem Sibüpsis; inde revocarunt Typum,
Excriberent quò melius Exemplar Novum:
Conatus Hic Secundus, & Cœli labor.
Vt cum sepultum Sperma Telluris Thoro
Expergefecit Vesta; furtivas Opes
Statim resignat, Fœnore ingenti beans.
Aut ubi Vapores Phæbus extraxit Solo:
Grato refundit Imbre; vel meditans Facem;
Pingit coruscâ Nube Stellarum, Plagam.
Sic Utili Lucina Nos lusit Dolo;
Quæ seminavit Vnicam, Messem dabit.
At Tu Trophæum Patriæ, atq; Obses Poli
Redintegrantis Fœdera; & Munus Iovis,
Et Expiamen; Vita Cui pro Victimâ est,
Ac Sacrificium Nasceris; Monstrum indies
Miraculorum cresce; Laus Nostra, & Pudor.
Foras Cometa fulgeas; Sydus domi.
Tu perlubenter Sæculi subis minas,
Vteri sororiantis Elysio fluens.
Nil Te movebant Seditio, Bellum, Lues;
Seditio Plebis, Bella Procerum, Æthræ Lues;
Nil Tympanorum Gemitus, & Fulmen Tubę.
Sic, sic oportet; Cœlites nasci decet
Inter Ruinas Orbis, & Olympi metum.
Ita Bacchus olim Matris exiluit Sinu
In Fulmen Ipsum; Nata sic Rerum Venus
Mediis Procellis; in Focum Phœnix ruit,
Vel Obstetrice nacta Natales Rogo.
Quàm facile cedunt Nutibus Vestris Deæ;

Quem

Quem nulla tangunt Martis, aut Mortis mala:
Quasi Basiliscus, solus Aspectu neças;
Anti-Basiliscus, solus Aspectu levas.
Egeria, Mavors, Pestis, & melior Salus,
Parcæq;, sponte Numen agnoscunt Tuum:
Tibi paret Vni tota Divorum Cohors.
Anglizat Omen; non erit magnum Patri
Vincere Rebelles, cum Puer vicit Deos.

HEN. BIRKHED *A.B. Omn. Anim.*

HEu sævit Pietas, quantum, Hostis & Ira Tonantis?
Fitq; Fames totum Relligionis Opus:
Captivi vultus, & plurima Mortis imago:
(Invito quid enim Numine vita juvat?)
Et Gemitus pro Thure, & fusi sanguinis Imbrex
Pallor, & ante Aras victima factus Homo?
Quæ mala Fata premunt? quæ Nubes dira minatur?
En Ixioniâ stirps quasi Nube fata!
Pignus grande Poli, sævi solatia Fati!
Quo Nato, irato non licet esse Deo.
Audiat hoc Cœlum: pascunt Iejunia Luxus:
Rex quanquam jubeat, sit scelus esse Macros.
Audio? vel lævum tonuit, vel vagiit Infans;
Pro Tonitru hi fletus sidera sæva dabunt.
Pro Tonitru fragor hic quoq; cœlicus obruet Hostes;
Hæc manibus tetricis Falcia vincla feret.
Vnius hæ Cunæ redimant tot Damna feretri,
Et Bella, ut Morbos, victor utrinq; domet.

ROB. SHARPE *Æd. Ch. Alum.*

Πῆ μοῦσαι; κελαδεῖτε διοτρεφὲς αἷμα λαχόντα,
Πῆ χάριτες κεδναὶ; ὑμνεῖθ' Ἥρην χαρίεσσαν.
Μῶν σιγᾶ κάλαμος Φήμης σάλπιγγος ἀκούων
Φθεγγομένης νέον Ἀγγλιακῶν Κοσμήτορα λαῶν;
Πασσυδίη γε στρατοὶ σεῖο τρομέουσι Φαρέτρην,
Παῖ, φλογερὴν, τοίουστε πυριπνείοντας ὀϊστοὺς,
Ἀλλ' ἐ δείδοιεν πρᾶον σ', ὡς πάππον, ἐόντα,
Οὐκ ὄζους βλάστησε Σάτων ποτε κόρμος ἐλαιῶν,
Ἐκ πηγῶν γλυκερῶν ἐ βλύζει ὕδατα πικρά.

RICH. HITCHCOCKE *Art. Mag.*

O Quæ fatigas Gratiis Muſas novis,
Laſſiſq; cogis Apollinem jam duriùs
Aures Poetis vellere, Inſuetæ Dea
Fœcunditatis MARIA, Materies Ades
Et Invocanda es ſola, quà poſſis Cani.
Helicona tandem diſcimus ſolum Tibi
Fluere perennem, deq, Colliculo novo
Eſt ſomniare carmen, & Partum ſimul.
Sterilem Minervam, & eſſe Muſas frigidas.
Solumq; numen nixibus Matres probas.
Nec illa tantum; ſæculi at ſurgis Tripos,
Per te loquuntur Cœlites (ſi non Tacent)
Docent Popellum munere hoc gratum ſatis
Superis Carollum, cui jubent tacitè Dari
Cum dant Nepotes, & ſimul Nummos; volunt
Nato quotannis Principe, ut cum ipſis Amor
Adoleſcat uſq, Subditi: vis Altius
ſolatiumq; Certius; Nobis benè
ſecunda prodîſti Otia, & Veniam petis

Nunquam

Nunquam negandam Prole Cancellaria.
Fugere, viso Principe, Abjecti Gradus
Nummiq; : Vestræ Feriæ veniunt: Loco
Regentiumque Mater ac Infans erunt.

*E. G.*

EMpte Tuæ Matris, Nostræq; doloribus Infans,
Anglorum precibus, lacrymisq, indulte, pieq;
Afflictis demissa animis Medicina, Tonantis
Pacati non vane index! Quo Carmine lætæ
Te Musæ excipient, Tua quo Cunabula plausu
Stipabunt plenis cumulantes omina votis?
Forte quis externas Oras, peregrinaq; Sceptra
Spondebit, seu quæ sit mundo incognita Tellus,
Quam simul inveniet classis CAROLINA, Tuamq,
Efficiet, Christo victrix, sceptroq; Britanno.
Seu tandem immineat, frustra expectatus, ut omni
Excideres Mahometa fide, lassata tyrannum
Græcia ut excuteret, languenteq, stemmate Regum
Ottomanum, nostros ambiret Turca Monarchas.
Non equidem invideo, aut Iuvenilis sperno poetæ
Afflatus, fas est Asiâ ut plaudente stuperet
Fatidicos nostros verax minùs Alcaron æstus,
Atq, impostorem argueret vaga Musa Prophetam.
Quis vetat ut quidvis Nato sperare Patrono
Oxonidæ auderent vates? Lancastrius Heros
Vel Legioneum ut gestet Diadema, vel ipsos
Castiliæ titulos, turpiq, indigna reponat
Cauponi Papæ Siculi ludibria sceptri.

Verùm

Verùm istæc aliis quàm nobis gratior Augur
Prædicat, Nobis Tu speratissimus Anglis
Debêre, & fratrum numerosior ordo futurus,
Usq; sitit CAROLUM nondum satis Anglia multum.
Quem tibi Natalem Lancastria gestit Honorem
Faustus habe, felixq;, Humero quocunq; minoris
Herois nimium, titulis vel Cæsaris aptum,
Vel viduum. En Præcunt stimuli Virtutis Aviti,
Magni materies animi, atq; exempla daturi
Vel Tibi, Ioannes olim Vrbs cui Gandava nomen
Ambitiosa dedit, sed facta est Auctior ipso.
Ex quo quam multus titulis sed major avitis
HENRICUS, quorum CAROLUS dum sceptra gubernet
Eboraco haud invisa Duci, Tu Magne priorum
Virtutes HENRICORUM certissimus hæres
Invadas Quintumq; Animis, Pietateq; Sextum
Excedas, Prudens etiam se Mente minorem
Septimus agnoscat: Quantoq; ardore Coronam
Præripere Eboraco vetus est Lancastria nisa
Tu palmæ studeas, fraternæq; æmula laudi
Gesta probo nisu & rixâ meditêris honestâ.
Hæc natos ferosq; exerceat Vna nepotes.

I. C. *Ioan.*

FErtilis En vitis jam pullulat Altera Gemma,
Sævitiam Boreæ passa fit una licèt:
Cùm Gẽma in ramos quævis sese explicet Amplos,
(CAROLE) tùm Populo Tuta sit umbra Tuo.

HEN. LYTTLETON *Baronetti fil.*
*nat. max. è Coll. Bal.*

OHe jam satis est, sudantia præla laborant,
Nec satis in prolem turba novena tuam.
Phœbi nobilcum non tam numerosa, MARIÆ
Quàm proles Aulâ est, CAROLE, pulchra tuæ.
Dum te fæcundam nostræ mirantur Athenæ,
Sese tam steriles esse, MARIA, pudet.
Quàm, nostra in paucos arctantur gaudia versus!
Angusto soboles regia clausa libro est.
Pellibus exiguis arctetur CAROLUS ingens,
Quem nostra haud totum Bibliotheca capit?

THO. MIDDELTON *Eq. Aur. fil.*
*nat. Max. Coll. Oriel.*
*Commensalis.*

ANglia corripitur vario dum turbine Martis,
Stringit & in Regem plebs furibunda minas;
Rectorem proprio CAROLUS de sanguine gignit,
Et properat Conjux edere fæta *Ducem*.
Ignoscat cælo CAROLUS; jam numina pignus
Abreptum & duplici fænore damna luunt.
Matrem fæmineâ spoliârunt Numina Prole,

Edere robuſtum poſſet ut illa *Ducem*.
Exuat immites animos *Lancaſtrius Heros*,
Et fratri ſtudeat perplacuiſſe *Duci*.
Diviſas CAROLUS ſociat jam fœdere partes,
In SCOTUM ut meliùs prælia juncta gerant.

GEORGIUS STRADLING *Equitis aurati filius è Coll. Ieſu.*

ITa perge Princeps Magne: ne Reges tuis
Simul, ſimul ne Regna deficiant, caves:
Geminum Hydra recipit capite reſciſſo caput;
Feracior Tu, CAROLE, progenie tibi
Salvâ priore ſæpiùs geminabere:
Vnde ergo nobis Bella! quàm potius velis
Animare, quàm perimere, dat palam hic dies:
Nuſquam videtur mentis ejuſdem mihi
Facinus, ſitire ſanguinem, & vitam dare:
Sterilem, Popelle, Principem, ſterilem time,
Qui procreare, neſcit idem parcere:
Non faciet orbos ipſe quicunq; eſt Pater.

RIC. PAYNTER *Ioan.*

MOdos Camœnæ vividos alacreſq;
Fundite in honorem ſyderis, quod apparet
Ex CAROLINO clariore Horizonte;
Et efficit pulchram novamq; *Cynoſuram*;
Quæ à *Cynthia Phœbog*, lucidæ *Europæ*
Mutuat abundè lumen, ut ſuperet ipſos

Angliaca

Angliaca Cælos Terra. *Cynthius* Rex est,
Regina *Luna*, Liberi audiunt *Stellæ*,
Qui semper in sphæra ambulant perillustri.
Dies lapillo candido notandus, qui
(Grassante fato) sæculum perennare
Facit caduceum: nunc enim *regeneratur*
Regina Mater, dum coloribus *vivis*
Pingitur in Ideâ nuperrimæ Infantis.
Parit parentem filius, reviviscit
Materq; in Infante. Haud sciet puer tales
Vllum sepulchrum, nisi *uterum* suæ matris;
In quo sepultus jacuit, antequam natus.

T. Pierse *Coll. Mag. Schol.*

PErgite serviles animæ; nil barbara turba
Displicet hâc rabies, hâc diri, lege, tumultus.
Instar habent pacis, tantis præludia cunis.
Sic tenebras lucem, sic præcedanea cœlo
Aspera tranquillo sentimus tempora; nubes
Non querimur; vel & ipsa diem sponsura serenum
Fata irata placent; facilè scelera ipsa, nefasq;
Hâc mercede placent; vestris desistere Princeps
Vt natalitiis possint. Tua sæcula clausas
O videant Iani portas serventque rebelles
Vel videant omnes sceptro submittere fasces,
Vel faciant, licèt invitis Borealibus armis.

A. Ackland *A.B. Coll. Oriel. Soc.*

# CORONIS.

*ALiò vocamur, (CAROLE) nec Nostris licet*
*Holocausta Musis pendere.*
*Quòd curta, cruda, vota jam persolvimus,*
*Clementiæ esto Ignoscere!*
*Comitia hinc, & obstrepunt illinc, Togæ,*
*Tunicata Gens, Popellulus.*
*Taliaq, vellent Numini solvi Tuo*
*Tributa, Musis qualia:*
*Vtrisq; Iambos: claudicante sed Metro,*
*Et Choliambos penderent.*
*Tu, Literarum (CAROLE) qui cluis Pater,*
*Serenitatum at Filius,*
*Musis Quietem indulseris, soli Tibi*
*Tuisq;, Militantibus.*

A. FREWEN Acad. Oxon.
Vicecan.

## To the King.

*Though the Pure Influence of a King so Best*
*Might have Reform'd*
*Your People's Mind,*
*And made this Isle as Vertuous, as 'tis Blest:*

*Yet, since Un-tinctur'd Malice raigneth still,*
*And Vice doth use*
*To draw Excuse*
*No lesse from Great Examples, than from Ill:*

*'Twere necessary, Sir, You should vaile o're*
*Much of that Light,*
*Which dims our sight,*
*And become Lesse-Good, so to make Us More.*

*But, since that cannot be, (for things Divine,*
*Which Good, and Faire*
*Not Have, but Are,*
*Cannot put off Themselves, nor, Broken, shine;*

*Nor is it Just, Great Charles should Descend,*
*To check the Rage*
*Of this One Age,*
*But stand High Paterne, All Times to Amend)*

*Your Majestie hath found, how to Propone*
*Your Vertues so,*
*As Men may know,*
*And not despaire to Copie, One by One.*

*That's, in Your Royall Children, whom while You*
*Frame to Inherit*
*Part of Your Spirit,*
*That Part growes not too great for Mortal View:*

*As* GOD, *Hid in that Mighty Light, which streams*
*From His owne Nature,*
*Shines through the Creature*
*In Alloy'd Influence, and Refracted Beames.*

*On then, Great Sire, & Embody Heaven thus!*
*Till, in our Sphere,*
*To Rule the yeare,*
*A full-summ'd Zodiak of Them smile on Vs.*

*Then shall Heav'n cease To House Malignant Stars,*
*And Loyall Earth*
*Give no more Birth*
*To Rebel Vapours, which would rayse New Warrs.*

*Peace and Religion shall, together, spring,*
*And Thistles meet*
*With Roses sweet,*
*To Crown, not Wound, the Head of Britaine's* KING.

T. MASTER, A. M. Nov. Coll. Soc.

## To the QVEENE.

Great Mint of Beauties,

*THough all Your Royall Burthens should come forth*
*Discharg'd by Emanation, not by Birth;*

Though

*Though You could so prove Mother, as the Soule,*
*When it doth most conceive without controule:*
*Though Princes should so frequent from You flow,*
*That we might thence say, Sun-Beames issue slow,*
*Nay, though those Royall Plants as oft should spring*
*From You, as great Examples from Your King:*
*None would repine, or Narrow midst such Store,*
*Thinke the Thrones Blessing made the Kingdome Poore.*
*Graynes, which are singly Rich, become not Cheape*
*Because th'are Many: Such grow from the Heape.*
*Where Five would Each for Number passe Alone,*
*The Sixt comes Their Improvement, and it's Owne.*
*We see the Brothers Vertues, growing ripe*
*By just degrees, aspire to their Great Type;*
*We see the Father thrive in Them, and finde*
*W' have Heires, as to His Throne, so to His Mind:*
*This makes us call for More: the Parents Blood*
*Is great security, They will be Good.*
*And These Your Constant Tributes to the State*
*Might make us Stand up High, and trample Fate;*
*We might grow Bold from Conscience of just Good,*
*Had it the fortune to be Understood.*
*But Some, that would see, dazzled by much light,*
*View only that which doth confound their sights:*
*Others, darke by Designe, doe weyle their eyes,*
*For feare by their own fault they should grow Wise,*
*And, what they cannot misse, by chance should finde:*
*Injustice is, what Justice should be, Blind.*
*Yet our Great Guide, careless of Common Keyce,*
*As Good by Nature rather, then by Choyce,*

*Sheds the same fruitfull Influence still on All,*
*As Constant Showrs on Thankleſſe Deſarts fall:*
*And, like the Vnmov'd Rock, though it doth heare*
*The Murmurs of Rude Waves, whoſe Rage breakes there,*
*He ſtill gives Living Gemms, and doth preſent*
*To Froward Nations Wealth, and Ornament.*
*Some Stones there are, whoſe Colours doe betray*
*The Face of Heaven, and that Scene of Day*
*That Nature ſhap'd them in, and thence come forth*
*Themſelves th' Ingenuous Records of their Birth.*
*May then this Pearle (Great Queene) now bred from You,*
*Congeald, and faſhiond of more Heavenly Dew,*
*Shew forth the Temper of the preſent State,*
*And Himſelfe be to his owne Birth the Date:*
*That, as the ſolemne Trumpet's publique Blaſt*
*At the ſame time proclaim'd both Warre and Faſt,*
*He may, Devoutly Valiant, praying ſtand,*
*As th' Ancient* Hero's, *with a Speare in's hand:*
*And, mixing Vowes and Fights in one Concent,*
*Divide Himſelfe betweene the Church, and Tent.*
*But if He be, by Milder Influence, borne*
*The* Sonne *of Peace, the Roſe without a Thorne,*
*What Onte His* Grand-ſires *Ripe Deſignes did boaſt,*
*And Now His Serious Father labours moſt,*
*Hee, as a Pledge ſent to Both Nations, doe;*
*And cement Kingdomes, now againe call'd Two.*

*And here ſome Genius prompts me, I ſhall ſee*
*Him make Greeke Fables Britiſh Hiſtory;*
*And view, now ſuch a Goddeſſe hath brought forth,*
*This Floating Iſland ſetled by the Birth.*

WILL. CARTWRIGHT Student of Ch. Ch.

BEst Emblems of that soveraigne Energie
Knowing no bounds but of variety,
Which makes this Maße a world, and of (this All
An Vniversity politicall:
Prostrate in loyall trance, we are bid rise
At your Pantheon to drop sacrifice.
For if by Charme of Meditation
We doe become those things we think upon;
By each new birth you are enlarged in,
We all are more then your adopted kinne.
Transform'd to so transcendent dignities,
We offer up this duty on our knees.
Let all Your virtues in this shape appeare,
Your minds Conceptions let us see and heare;
Erect in lively trophies your intents,
And cloath each thought in fleshly lineaments.
So shall you, by an host of mighty ones,
Picture the Principalities and Thrones:
So may the throngs of Royall blood, which fill
Each veine of all your Progeny, distill
In juster measure, and in ampler space
May shew their active and puissant race.
Thus, without mazes of wild Heraldrie,
We see unravel'd lines of pedigree
Drawne from high-linked crownes, reaching as farre
As that chaine which is fastned to Iove's chaire.
These faces pourtray the Grand-Brittish Kings:
See, where the Roses have their endleße springs.
In those brave Bourbons Majesty claimes seate,
And, now though litle, shall be stiled great.

*Thoſe ſame the Princely ſtock of* Denmark *boaſt.*
*Theſe, Stewards feude towards Engliſh now quite loſt.*
*And is it fallen downwards? muſt we feare*
*The ſea getting ſome ground ſhall looſe elſewhere?*
*Doth nature wholy her attendance ſhew*
*Above, ſo that ſhe makes defect below?*
*If, as the Artiſts ſay, privation*
*Muſt counterpoiſe each generation:*
*Though night muſt waite on day, yet they ſhall finde*
*None but themſelves have caſt themſelves behinde.*
*And now the royall family doth grow*
*Above the valew of a headleſſe foe.*
*The Perſian Monarchs never could command,*
*Such a more rightly ſtil'd* Immortall band.
*In hope of theſe the Gods (if fame not lye)*
*Came downe on earth for more poſteritie.*
*For by divineſt Oracles its juſt*
*The Starres ſurpaſſe in number, 's well as duſt:*

IOH. BERKLEY N. C.
Socius Art. Mag.

Moſt Gracious Queene,

*IF Poets could be borne as oft as You*
*Bring Princes forth, ſomething might then be new.*
*Th' Alembicks of the Wombe and Brain run croſſe,*
*Elixar's there more common then our Droſſe.*
*Your faire and fruitfull ſoyle pure Manna breeds,*
*When our dull Mudd is barren too in Weeds.*
*Though then you here find nothing freſh but names,*

This

*This Verse being writt for* CHARLES, *and that for* IAMES:
*Yet may they now (like sacred Reliques) be*
*Lov'd and embrac'd for their Antiquitie.*
*Your former Teeming taught the Costiue Earth,*
*And barren Wives the Fashion of a Birth;*
*But now (as if your wise fertility*
*An extract were of all State-Policie)*
*You give example vnto Men, and teach*
*Loyalty more then our Diuines can preach.*
*You that doe practise base exactions, and*
*Raile at the needfull Taxes of our Land,*
*Thinking your money better spent vpon*
*A Coach, a Feast, or some new faction*
*Of deuout Rebals, then on Shipps, which be*
*Walls that imprison vs to Libertie;*
*Like those Athenian Grandies, who to see*
*The costly madnesse of one Tragedy,*
*Could scatter large supplies, although 'twas knowne*
*This want made them spectatours of their owne;*
*Learne Homage now from Majestie, the* Queene
*Hir selfe hath here the best of subiects beene.*
*She payes large Tribute, that it may appeare*
*Safety, like Heaven, is never bought too deare.*
*I've read of Roman Matrons, who did drowne*
*Their richest jewels to preserve their Towne,*
*Stopping the Gulfe with Pearles which grac'd their Eare;*
*They rather chose no Ornaments, then Feare.*
*And those brave Dames of Carthage, were content*
*To shave their dangling Tresses, which they lent*
*For Cordage then, and glori'd they could see*

*What*

*What was once Pride, turn'd now to* Subsidie.
*Baldneſse was Beauty there; nor did they care,*
*So they could bend their Bowes, to looſe their Hayre.*
*But you* (*Great* Queene) *contrive your Countryes Good,*
*Not from your Locks expence, but from your Blood.*
*Each parcell of the* Duke, *bright as his eyes,*
*Proves You give Iewels of a wealthier Prize;*
*Who, for a generall ſafety, wiſh to be*
*Bleſt with the Pangs of your high Agonie;*
*While the dull Lees of men ſcarſe daigne to give*
*Poore Common ſervice, that themſelues may live.*
*They are afraid to venture Limbs, When You*
*Are prodigall of* Bodies, *and Soules too.*
*And grudge dead ſtamps, when You Your ſelf beſtow*
*Such Images of* CHARLES *as ſpeak and goe.*
*But this Great Bliſſe comes not from You alone;*
*'Twas* (*like the Roman Sheild*) *from Heaven thromne.*
*Faſting was now your Midwife, ſighes did blow*
*This* Roſe, *and pious teares firſt made it grow.*
*Hence will it ſuch miraculous Rayes ſhoot forth,*
*That it ſhall blaſt the* Tempeſts *of the North.*
*'Tis ſinne to ſhake at Danger now, for thus*
*Their Swords are drawne to ſtrike at* Heaven, *not Vs.*

R. WEST Student of Ch. Ch.

*PRethee forbeare, leave me to Ecstasie;*
*You can't with these persuasions alter me.*
*Is there a new Duke borne, and shall not wee*
*Proceed as well in joy, as in degree?*
*Though laughter have its fate, and great joyes are*
*More dangerous then Griefe, or biting Care,*
*Though good hath its extreames, although we might*
*Not in griefe only surfeit, but delight,*
*Let it be so, I care not: Danger come,*
*Death in this surfeit is a Martyrdome.*
*For Happier did the orejoy'd Father dye,*
*Then his sonnes liv'd, after their Victory,*
*Crown'd with applause, and Baye. In th' Act to be*
*Griev'd, were absurd; but Now, disloyalty.*
*If that one Fast, could bring such Blessings hether,*
*Feast he that will: but I'le fast altogether.*

Io. Fell Student of Ch. Ch.

*SO, this is He; sent from above*
*To be the Muses Heire, and Love.*
*The Prince's starres point at Command;*
*And when Heaven with deliberate hand*
*Must quench that sacred Influence,*
*Which now dropps life on every sense;*
*And summon great* Charles *from his owne,*
*To fixe him on an higher Throne,*
*Hee then shall darte this golden raye*
*Behind him, to prolong the daye.*

*Yorke to himſelfe perhaps may carve*
*A Crowne, there are who well deſerve*
*Such Honeſt rapine; let him quell*
*The Tiger of the Eaſt; or tell*
*That great uſurping houſe, that thoſe*
*Muſt ſuffer too, that will depoſe.*
*My deareſt Babe, next, what wilt thou?*
*Say my Prophetick Muſe. His brow*
*Call's for a Miter; This is hee*
*Shall be the Scholler; May we ſee*
*Our ſacred Genius here, to Crowne*
*With royall Grace our Oxford Gowne;*
*And ſcatter influence round the ſtreets,*
*Which we for to inrich our wits,*
*Will gather up, each one his part,*
*This man a Science, that an Art.*
*For ſure ſuch preſence will excuſe*
*Both Schooles, and Lectures; and infuſe.*
*Methinks I ſee him here, and how*
*The Bay becomes his Princely brow;*
*O come, and wee ſhall all be thine*
*Kings of the Muſes; Thou of us.*
*The Gods this method love, if we*
*May truſt their Poet-pedigree;*
*Which yeelds a ſoveraigne for all Parts,*
*Of Majeſty, of Armes, of Arts.*

IOAN. RYVES *Nov. Coll. Soc.*

Great

Great Queene,

*WHom Tumults leſſen not, whoſe wombe, we ſee,*
*Keeps the ſame method, ſtill, the ſame decree,*
*And midſt the brandiſhd ſwords, and Trumpets voice,*
*Brings forth a Prince, a Conqueſt to that noiſe,*
*We greet the courage of your Births: and ſpye,*
*Your Conſorts ſpirit dancing in Your eye.*
*Valor He ſhrowds in Armor, You in Vaile;*
*You wrap'd in Tiffany, and He in Maile.*
*The faireſt Bloome, might, ſince the ſeaſons lowre,*
*Looſe all its ſent, and turne a common flowre,*
*A ſtorme might blaſt the beauty of that brow,*
*And the freſh Roſe ſhrinke from its glory, now.*
*But here, the conſtant flowre, in Tempeſts gay,*
*As in the ſilent whiſpers of the day,*
*Can thrive in blaſts, and alike fruitfull be*
*When* Charles *in ſteele, or* Charles *in Robes you ſee:*
*You ſmile a Mother, when the juſt King ſtands*
*Or with a Show'r, or Thunder in his hands.*
*Thus You alone, ſeated above all jarres,*
*Turne Noiſe to Tunes, and Lightning into Starres.*

M. LLuellin Student of Ch. Ch.

*YOu that to Heaven direct your curious eyes,*
*And ſend your minds, to walke the ſpacious skies,*
*You that would know, what's an Intelligence,*
*What influence thoſe heavenly ſpots diſpence;*

*Stay now your wandring thoughts, fixe here your mind,*
*Ponder a while, and looke, what's here you finde?*
*Here's a new Prince, not only doth combine,*
*The knots of honour, in a flowry Line;*
*But also such an influence doth dispence,*
*You'le sweare him Pole starre, and Intelligence.*
*Harke, how the bells proclaime him, even as though*
*They only had a share in him; and how*
*The vocall Goddesse with repeating noyse,*
*Contends to double their abundant joyes;*
*Weele share too; true zeale, kindles our desires;*
*Our breasts are Altars, and our joyes, are fires*
*To homage you; since you'le make tumults cease,*
*Wee'le call you (no prophaneneße) Prince of peace.*

Io. L. Coll. Mert.

*FOole that I am, to doubt the cauſe (great Queene)*
*You looke ſo pale, when in your looke 'tis ſeene.*
*We may read Princes in your cheeks, and ſee*
*There, as in glaſſes, what their formes ſhall bee,*
*Of Natures choiceſt pieces, view but th' Mother,*
*And you muſt ſweare that they can be no other.*
*A Duke you now preſent, for I diſcloſe*
*Vnder your white, the faire* Lancaſtrian *Roſe.*
*And it is ſo; the Red returnes againe,*
*And to your cheeke the old Vermilion graine.*
*Nor is the white cleane baniſh'd, both appeare,*
*Like ſtarres in the ſame Orbe, both bright, both cleare,*

*Nat*

*Not this from that detracting. O may wee*
*For ever see the Brothers thus agree!*
*Learne Vnity from your looks, and you goe on*
*Thus early to enrich our* CHARLES *his throne:*
*That he at length like* Priamus *may stand,*
*Arm'd stronger by his Children, then the Land.*

R. P. Ioan.

*HAppy deliveries such, where publike joyes*
*Attend the Issue, when amidst the noyse*
*Of warlike tumults, this outvies and finds*
*Its Acclamation hurried with the winds*
*Into all Quarters. this the property*
*Of Good-newes, 'tis diffusive, and can fly*
*Swift ev'n as Time, and pretious. might it be*
*Our happinesse to follow here, and see*
*Our speedy Gratulation take, wee'd say,*
*Extemporary wits might win the day.*
*And who, that's in a rapture, but makes hast?*
*His Fancie's Saturnine, that brings the last.*
*A safe delivery! 'tis welcome sure,*
*Be it without advantage; but here's more,*
*A Prince toth' bargaine. who the gainers are,*
*Ile tell you, All. No subject, who no share.*
*We were reported loosers; not long since*
*A Princesse thought to fall, but to convince*
*That errour, loe 'tis doubled. to make ev'n,*
*Both* Mary *lives, and here's a Brother giv'n.*
*Now could I run oth' number. Six: 'tis said*

Addit. Mult. *The perfect'st of all Compounds.* * *Two wayes made*
*Of it's owne parts. And in six dayes we know,*
*All things created were above, below.*
*Looke on their Parents, you may justly sweare,*
*Rayes of such lights too glorious for one Spheare.*
*Each Planet hath his Orbe. Then to conclude,*
*These are not common Starres oth' multitude.*

GILB. COLES. Nov. Col.
Socius. Art. Bac.

*LAnguage, thou art too Narrow! Blessings still*
*Flow with Allay, which are confin'd toth' Quill;*
*Ioyes are eternall here, nor can They be*
*With Finite Numbers dres't: how then by Thee?*
*Here, We a* Phœnix *boast, which does not rise*
*From Ashes, when the* Mother-Phœnix *dyes;*
*This Wombe Foretells no Torches, such, as shee*
*That Dream't a Fire-Brand for Her Progeny:*
*Only those Torches, which, hereafter, may*
*Spread Nuptiall Flames, snatching from hence Their Ray.*
*This Punishment the Poysnous Vipers have,*
*That Their owne Offspring should create their Grave.*
*But You,* Great Queene, *are so Refin'd, so free*
*From th' common Drosse of Our Mortality,*
*That, Who suspects Your Issue Tainted, will*
*Thinke, Antidote, or Providence, may Kill.*

STEPHEN CHASE. Ch. Ch.

To

## To the Kings MAIESTY.

*T'is from the greatnesse of your Majesty*
*That we a Kingdome in your Court may see:*
*That (like your Royall Father) you unite*
*A second* Common-wealth *to this your right:*
*That to us now your Infants Christning may*
*Seeme even another* Coronation *day:*
*That (even as that Royall Politician)*
*You've* joyned Lancaster *to* York *againe:*
*That now both Roses live: yet are not borne*
*Of any Warlik any armed thorne:*
*The White and Red but severall Colours are,*
*Not now two Ensignes: Now it is not Warre*
*They signify, but peacefully they learne*
*An Vnion from that beauty whence they're born:*
*That now (most gracious* Soveraigne) *wee see*
*You twice a Father of your Countrey be:*
*That now your Court's a* Parliament, *and where*
*Was but your selfe, now is a nation there:*
*Thus,* Cæsar, *under you, what places were*
*One* Lords delights, *now a whole peoples are:*
*And now since every yeare your subjects see*
*Addes to their age another Iubilee;*
*Since each approach o'th' sunne amongst us here*
*Discovers a new starre in this our sphere;*
*Why may our Poets not turne Prophets now,*
*And serve their* Phœbus *at his* Delphos *too?*

*Why*

*Why (though unuſuall now) may not we dare*
*Prognoſticate the next a joyfull yeare?*
*Why may we not hereafter* (Sir) *take leave*
*And, 'fore your Royall* Queene, *your babes conceive:*
*Why may we not, by theſe our Triumphs light,*
*See to what future joyes we ſhall have right?*
*And now, without Prognoſticators crimes,*
*Put out your* Chronicle *for after times?*
*So great your ſplendor* (*Royall* Sir) *appeares,*
*Living few dayes, we now ſee many yeares.*

THO. SEVERNE Student
of Chr. Ch.

*A Prince amidſt our broyles? does he to us*
*Portend new joyes, or are we ominous*
*To his nativity? why ſure from hence*
*The heavens can receive no influence;*
*Some bliſſe deſcends on us then; this new light,*
*This morning ſtarre, after a mid-day night,*
*Muſt uſher in ſome day: mee thinkes it ſeems*
*But a leſſe Sunne, that by the gilded beames*
*Is pourtray'd on a cloud, whoſe glim'ring tells*
*The Sunne's broke forth, that ſoone thoſe clouds diſpells.*
*The lights o'th' world were joyn'd, not to benight*
*Our day with an eclipſe, but adde more light,*
*New ſtarres to this our Hemiſphеare; ſure this*
*Of brighter rayes but a reflection is.*
*Wee'l not condole our laſt yeares loſſe, we ſee*
*One ſien cropt makes fruitfuller the Tree:*

*And*

*And hope those Royall plants may once surround,*
*And hedge this* Eden *in, our English ground.*
*Great* CHARLES *may now beare in his Royall armes*
*Three Living Lioncells; and if Alarmes*
*Sound, since such linkes, betwixt vs; may advance*
*Lions not painted 'gainst the Flowers of France.*
*Yorke, Lancaster, a Black Prince too, besides*
*Edward's full number, which the casket hides.*
*Here a* Pythagoras *in doubled Three*
*Would find, or make some pretty mystery.*
*Wee'l not on numbers dote, lest new accesse*
*Should not be to encrease, but to transgresse;*
*And whilst in Three we feigne some speciall fate,*
*We so should make a Fourth inauspicate.*
*O, by those curious moulds, which I may call*
Ideas *(though existent) of our all;*
*May many like be fram'd, in which may meet*
*The Lilyes beauty, and the Rose's sweet,*
*With* Amaranthus *mixt: so, when this Isle*
*Has been perfum'd, and deckt by them a while,*
*They to th' Elysian fields remov'd may be,*
*As growne too great for this our Nursery.*

W. HILL. A. B. Coll. Mert.

*T'is now our joy* (Great Queene) *to view that feare,*
*Which, when you travelld, we conceav'd last yeare;*
*When Heaven frown'd, (pitty it was, none other*
*Could be the sacrifice, but Babe or Mother:)*
*Yet thankes be to that Providence, which spar'd You,*

*By whom we have regain'd our losses too.*
*Nor doe w' alone enjoy, what then denied:*
*The Princes, yet unborne, with you had died.*
*And these, who sees not but they may be more*
*Then All, to whom y' have given life before?*
*So the most fruitfull Vine, if it retaine*
*Her branches, dies: but prun'd, sprouts forth again.*
*And the more fertile ground, one Crop forborne,*
*Soone countervailes the losse with next yeares Corne.*

EDM. COLES. NOV.
Coll. Soc. A. B.

*GReat Blessings create wonder: Ioyes that be*
*Silenc't with such a Perpetuity*
*Of happinesse, ravish the soule. The Wit,*
*And paine of Art, admiring must submit.*
*Our Loyalty is Reverence, and Thanks prove*
*The best of trophies. They're Orisons that move*
*The Powers to incircle CHARLES his Stemme*
*With such a God-like Offspring, such a Gemme.*
*Here's a new light, the last did but forerun,*
*As a bright* Venus *to this rising Sun.*
*Our glorious Constellation now may well*
*Equall* Charles-waine, *and with their beames expell*
*Their frozen Breasts. Perhaps this Infants sight,*
*As once the* Macedonian *Prince, may fright*
*Rebellion: Come let His Cradle stand*
*His Tent; His armour'd Innocence command*
*Obedience: Me thinks that Majesty*

*Thought*

*Thought on, or nam'd should shake Disloyalty,*
*As much as Thunder: Since 'tis Kings that have*
*The power of a looke to kill or save.*
*'Tis civill Atheisme boldly to deny*
*Such a Prerogative as Royalty.*
*Erect an Altar then: Let holy fire*
*Of solemne prayses, and of Vowes, inspire*
*The Poet's zealous wit. A Princes birth*
*Needs not the Criticall method of our mirth.*
*May this auspicious Omen so invest*
*Your heart (most mighty* CHARLES*) with such a blest*
*Harmony of Love and Courage: that thence we*
*May vanquish treason with your piety.*
*And may bestrow the Pavements where he treads*
*With loyall Subjects hearts, or Rebells heads.*

I. T. Art. Bac. Coll. Ball.

Great Madame,

*THe Methode of your Wombe is knowne, and we*
*Can tell of your most blest delivery,*
*Before* Lucina *can come forth to bring*
*This happy newes unto our Royall* King.
*What though the former's dead: That did appeare*
*To make us see the greater glory here.*
*So when the weaker twilight doth forerun,*
*It addes a glory to the Morning* Sun.
*Amids't these tumults thus* (Great Queene) *you bring*
*Comforts both to the people and the* King;
*As if you meant hereafter from your store,*

*Should he want men, to furniſh him with more.*
*And let the Matrons of our Land be ſeene,*
*In bearing oft to imitate the* Queene.
*For when a* Queene *is fruitfull, 'tis no leſſe*
*Then ſin for vulgars to haue barrenneſſe.*
*CHARLES now may ſee his Children ſtanding by,*
*(Thoſe pretty Emblems of his Majeſty)*
*So like him, that each Childs birth ſeemes to be*
*Nothing but CHARLES his new Nativitie.*
*And when his raign ſhall ceaſe, though he be gone,*
*Still ſhall we ſee him ruling in his Sonne.*
*So that, by changing thus, He this ſhall gaine,*
*At the ſame time in Heaven, and Earth to raigne.*
*Still thus goe on (bleſt* Queene,*) and fruitfull live,*
*Till that the Father ſhall want names to give*
*His Children: ſo at laſt the Court may be*
*But great CHARLES multipli'din Progenie.*

HORAT. MOORE Armig. fil. vnic.
è Coll. Ball.

*WE thank you twice, (*Great Queene*) both that you*
*And that you take this ſeaſon of the yeare: (beare*
*This teeming doth enrich vs, now we ſee*
*Beſides the Artes, an* ACT *of Poetry;*
*And this the beſt; Your wombe it doth inſpire*
*Into our braines a chaſt, and holy fire;*
*We learne Divinity from hence, and 'tis*
*Not to repine when things fall out amiſſe;*
*For what though Heaven the laſt yeare from this veyne*
*Shew'd*

*Shew'd forth a pearle, and lockt it vp againe:*
*Yet was the pretious Mine left safe, from whence*
*We now receiue a greater influence:*
*That Pearle some lustre had, enough to move*
*In colder frozen breasts the flames of love:*
*In this the day shines strong, such as will fright*
*Rebellious spirits, and dispell their might*
*With rayes of majesty; Since thus wee gaine*
*By Heavens exchange, no reason to complaine:*
*The benefit is ours: Such* Omens *are*
*A Kingdomes safety in these times of Warre.*

R. DINGLEY B. A. Mag. Col.

*AS radiant* Phæbus *from faire* Tethis *bed,*
*Casting off* Morpheus *chaines, erects his head,*
*And makes triumphant gladnesse to appeare:*
*Expelling sorrow from our Hemisphеare:*
*So this* Sun *rising from our great* Queenes *bed,*
*Gives life to joy, strikes heavy sorrow dead.*
*Your fruitfulnesse, great* Princesse, *gives to all*
*True Hearts a life, Rebels a funerall:*
*And we may stand secure, defended by*
*The strength of your most royall Progeny.*
*Still may you happy be, and your blest wombe*
*To life be fertile, barren to the tombe:*
*And, drawne by Turtles of true love, bring forth*
*Sonnes to defend, Muses to praise your worth.*

WIL. ZOUCHE of Alb. Hall.

*So pleaſant ſhines the Sunne, when as his lips*
*Are late vnmaſk'd from an obſcure Eclipſe;*
*When, as if in travayle, men may deſcry*
*The Perſian God doth ſick in Labour lye,*
*Which gone, it brings forth Ioy; thus 't may be ſaid,*
*When you are Safe, we are delivered.*
*Thus your diſeaſe was Taxe, and whilſt we all*
*Did ſhare, your throws were Epidemicall,*
*So is your ſafety Catholike, we gueſſe*
*At our good Fortune by your Happineſſe.*
*Methinks (Great Queene) when ere you doe lye in*
*'Tis my Religion ſtill if I but ſinne:*
*'Tis duty makes vs Erre, and you may ſay*
*All our Devotion is Apocrypha.*
*O then Baptize our infant wits, and you,*
*That gaue vs matter, give vs language too:*
*Inſpire your ſelfe, that we may chaunt your ſong,*
*And thus be thankfull in our Mother-tongue.*
*And you (ſweet Babe) your moſt auſpicious birth*
*Hath both created, and aſtoniſh'd mirth.*
*A Goddeſſe ſure hath been your Handmayd, you*
*So borne as gott, and in an inſtant too,*
*Like the quick-darted Lightning: wonders wou'd*
*Be ſhown in haſt, admir'd not vnderſtood.*
*Revive then, Royall* MARY! *as if you*
*Had lay'n in of your ſelf, budd forth anew.*
*So ſickning Moones look wann, and after ſhine*
*More cleare, pure fires conſume not, but refine.*
*Embrace your King, who bore your ſickneſſe worſe*
*Then's own, and counts each abſence a Diverce.*

*Long*

*Long twine together in eternall spring,*
*Knowing no wrinckles but what smiles doe bring.*
*While Cemented with vertue, we may find*
*Yee both grow old in nothing but in mind.*
*Blesse vs with Happier Feasts, that we may make*
*The Kalender all Rubrick for your sake:*
*Till th' Almanacke prove Annals, whilst your name*
*Is the Book's Chronicle, and gives life to Fame.*

RICH. NEWMAN B. A. Pemb. Col.

Madame,

*WE now are past all danger, and are come*
*To pay our vowed rites to your bless'd wombe,*
*Whose only happy travels this can doe,*
*Still bring forth Princes, and their Poets too.*
*We had not swel'd with such a fruitfull birth*
*Of words, and verses, had not you brought forth;*
*And our weake fancie's issue nere had seene*
*Its light, had you not more then Midwife beene.*
*Here then we thank you, and whil'st others say*
*It is the Princes birth, we, th' Poets day.*
*None now do's fixed to his Closet sit*
*(Like your last Poets) in a mourning fit:*
*All that we now can write, in cleaner lines*
*Runnes myrth: our pens not feare, as other times,*
*When a neare danger checks our myrth: we more*
*drink streames of joy, because we griev'd before.*
*Thus a skill'd Painter with his subtile pen*
*Draws first in black, or ruder lines, and then*

*Trim's*

*Trim's o're each limbe, and with a richer art*
*Dreſsing againe the peece, enlives each part.*

W. Cox B. A. of Mag. Coll.

*EXpreſsion's growne too weak, we only try*
*To flatter with your Sacred Majeſty.*
*You have ore-reach't our wits, which only can*
*Endeavour when we ſing your new borne ſpan.*
*England is ſo inrich't by you, that we*
*Nere doubt ſucceſſors to poſteritie.*
*Bleſt is your wombe* Great Queene, *bleſt is the* King,
*From whom ſuch ſtreames of happineſſe doe ſpring.*
*The Common-wealth's in Labour with the* Queene,
*And in each ſubjects heart her paines are ſeene:*
*But now the* Babe *is borne, in whom we ſpie*
*An Emblem of your Sacred Majeſtie,*
*Whom all doe well admire: but none can tell*
*Where in the world to find your parallel.*
*Contemplate on this Infant, and youle ſpie*
*Naught in this* Princely Babe *but rarity.*
*But think him* CHARLES *his offſpring, and youle find*
*In each eye Valour, Vertue in his mind.*
*Fancy his corrall lippe, O then youle ſweare*
*You read th' Epitomy of* MARY *there:*
*O happy Mother! for your pangs doe give*
*Health to your Kingdome, make your people live.*

WILL. COOPER. Barronetti
Filius ex Aula Cerv:

O How the Poets feare your Births! as They
That Nothing have except their feares to Pay.
And now their ſtocke of Wit being ſpent and gone,
As waſted Youth, they put Religion on;
And thinke their Numbers doe Good Minds deſcry,
If they run Proſe-joyes with the Liturgie.
'Tis plaine: They 've ſpent all praiſes, and diſguiſe
Things ſaid before; to Write is to Reviſe.
And now the Birth neglected, They Advance,
What Fates bring forth, the laſt State Circumſtance.
If they have yet a bleſſing left to Give,
'Twas ſtolne from You, or Yours. Away! ye ſtrive
In vaine to Mint new Coyne: whereas the Throne
Is ever payd by Mintage of its Owne.
What others feigne, to ſweare, is no new ſtraine,
The World with Princes doth new Vertues gain.
The Queene doth with a Child a Vertue beare,
The fitteſt Twinne for this her new-borne Heire.
They're Out, that will the Vertues count, and call
Some Vertues leſſe, and ſome Heroicall.
For ſince our Vertues had their births from you,
More then Heroick, They Exceſſes grew.
A Name to theſe none but a King can Give,
None but a Queene a Birth. Away! ye ſtrive
In vaine to reach it: ſit downe and confeſſe,
Where Nature is ſo high, Art muſt be leſſe.

T. Herv ey. Eq. Au. fil. nat.
Max. ex Æd. Chr.

Most Gracious Queene,

*IN your last happy child, unhappy Birth*
*When you brought forth onely an Earth to Earth,*
*As if an Iland sunke, the country cry'd*
*With thrilling noyse, thinking their ground had dy'd;*
*But now a Calendar's expir'd, the seas*
*Cast up this* Delos *to our* Cyclades:
*As if your Travels were but to descry*
*More litle worlds, or a discovery*
*Of some new Ile of Man, where branches spring*
*To overshadow us and crowne the* King.
*'Tis no new Birth we celebrate, but th' old,*
*Which once more now has past'd the fire and mold,*
*A piece of Gold twice try'd, a* Phœnix *blest*
*Whose Mother suffer'd twice the Flaming nest.*
*Some curious searcher of Divinity*
*Might raise a subtle controversy, why*
*Your pangs are not all blessings, but one brother*
*Dyes sacrifice or ransome for the other!*
*Yet thus we quit the Deity of sinne,*
*What ere we loose, having the Duke, we winne:*
*So when a Mine's discover'd, though the veine*
*Be discontinu'd, yet, if found againe,*
*It cheeres the* Pioner: *so there is found*
*Best harvest, where, last yeare, was fallow ground.*
*Then,* Bacchus-like, *our twice-borne* Lancaster
*Perhaps may be an Easterne Conquerour.*
*If common Births are single, the* Kings *race*
*Like figures standing in the thousands place:*
*Then when of* Lancaster *brought forth we heare,*

'Twas

*'Twas not the Duke fame meant, but the whole ſhire,*
*Nor is he only men (leaſt we ſhould barre*
*Him of the nerves and ſinewes of a warre)*
*Hee's borne a* Magazin, *not as before*
*Of Gold in* Bullion, ſilver *in the ore,*
*But money caſt and coyn'd, a minted thing,*
*Where is the ſtampe and Image of the* King;
*His picture to the life, whom* CHARLES *begot*
*As Healing money, Angell for the* Scot.
*So when a ſacred Oake, which loaded ſtands*
*With ſpoyles of victory, and long commands*
*The Forreſt, if to wind or age it yeild*
*The Succors underneath may win the field.*

D. WHISTLER Coll. Mert. Art. Bac.

*YOur love (*Great King*) anticipates your Dread;*
*The loweſt feet dare ſpeake to th' higheſt head.*
*Death hath diſcharg'd her reck'ning, and hath paid*
*A moſt Heroick* Boy *for laſt yeares* Maid.
*And thoſe that fall by warre and peſtilence*
*By a compendious way retaliate's hence.*
*The crooked courſe of Fate is now made ſtraight;*
*And what we looſe in Bulke, we have in weight.*
*A drop of Royall blood is dearer farre*
*Than a whole Ocean of the popular.*
*The laſt yeares Babe was but of ſhort extent,*
*Webbs of the fineſt thred are ſooneſt rent;*
*And therefore England ever ſince did grieve,*
*They had that great unhappineſſe,* TO LIVE.
*But now w' are ſequeſtred from all annoy,*
*Vnleſſe (with* Pindarus*) we dye for joy.* *Though*

*Though Custome urg'd, when such a Child is borne,*
*The very* Thracians *may forget to mourne.*
*Now I believe a* Metempsuchosis,
*That last yeares Babe was varied into this.*
*Change but the Date and Title, and you'le see*
*A Coppy o'th' last yeares Epitome.*
*For new Editions doe but change the fashion;*
*'Tis not another booke, but a* Translation.
*But alwaies such a miracle devine's*
*A future* Omen *to the present times.*
Europus *had his Cradle for his throne,*
*And saw* Bellona's *Campe, before the Sunne.*
*Hee frighted all his Foes with's very cry;*
*And though hee could not goe, he made them fly.*
Scotland *take heed,* Caligula *draw's nigh;*
*Whose only Trumpet is his Lullaby.*
*Here comes the* Herauld *of thy fatall night,*
*Vnlesse thy ev'ry man turne* Proselyte.
*May such a Babe as this n'ere want a Brother,*
*But still let one be* Harbinger *to th'other.*

THO. PIERSE Coll. Magd

ARise Bright Infant, and Shine forth,
To Calme the Tempest of the North.
See how the Mut'ning Clouds 'gin fly,
At Noyse of Thy Nativity!
So, in the Chaos when the Rout
Of Elements confus'dly fought,
Great Love being Borne compos'd their Brall,
And link'd them in this Beauteous All.

FRA. MARROW A.M. Nov. Coll. Soc.

*The third.* Good Omen! *Sonnes of Musick say*
*It sounds a Concord, which it sweetly may*
*Vpon our Royall Harpe: Lord, how our Prince*
*Confirms his sacred Protestations, since*
*His Princely clemency knowes not how to cease,*
*But with a sonne withall begets a Peace.*
*A sonne. The* Omen's *better'd.* Charles *his Vine*
*Branches forth nought, but what writes Masculine,*
*But what's pure* Heroe: *For in the other Three*
*Although the Royall Mother claimes a shee,*
*Sheemeanes the Sexe, not Mind, or may intend*
*Three sacred Mistresses, and so befriend*
*Our Neighbour-kingdomes too with blessings, since*
*Our Isle's too narrow for the Influence.*
*So her expansive Goodnesse will be seene*
*Whole Europes Mother, though but* Brittaines Queene.
*Haile Noblest Child, nor dare I thy worth staine*
*Calling thee infant, who speaks't* Charles *so plaine.*
*Rehearse that lesson perfectly, then see*
*To fancy* Mary, *as shee fancied thee?*
*So study Him, that thou maist practise Her,*
*So Her, that* Him: *Nor need Interpreter*
*Spell out this vertue to thee, or that Grace*
*Seated in Fathers heart, or Mothers Face,*
*Thy Tongue and arrest Mind will quickly come*
*T' expresse that English, that French* Idiome.
*Who saies our* Act *is gone? The Strangers? They*
*No more belong to't, then an absurd Play:*
*No: when a Prince or Duke daignes to appeare*
*In* Oxford, *'tis the solemne Time o'th' Yeare:

*Our Nobles, Doctors and Profeſſors meet*
*Prorogueing their* Comitia, *to greet*
*This* Grand-Inceptor, *from whoſe luſtre cleare*
*We ſee their Scarlet richer Tincture weare;*
*And we, how e're deſpis'd, cannot but try*
*To ſpring our loyall'ſt veine of Poëſy,*
*And celebrate the Birth of that Great Sonne,*
*To whom th' whole Booke's but Dedication.*

I. GOAD A. M. Ioan.

Moſt gracious Madam,

*NOt that you teeme with Dukedomes, that you bring*
*Titles, and ly in too to th'* Herauld-*King,*
*And though your Equall Breſts know but one Will,*
*Yet the King's Sexe has the more iſſue ſtill;*
*Pen we our joyes: Let Trades, and th' Exchange care*
*Whether your Birth muſt Steele or Cambrick weare;*
*What i'ſt to us whether the Royall Bed*
*Brings what ſhall Conquer Kingdomes, or what Wed;*
*Whether it's Armes or Looks give Lands their Fates,*
*And whether it ſhall Beate or Pleaſe downe States;*
*But that your Fruitfullneſſe is not your Croſſe*
*And you have not only brought forth a Loſſe;*
*That Heav'n Imployes our Fancies, does not Vrge,*
*And when we ſing, our Ioyes are not halfe Dirge;*
*That* CHARLES *and You come out ſtill, breed new Prints,*
*And not the Warres can hurt all the Kings Mints;*
*That, whilſt your Live Sonne payes your painefull Bed,*

*Lillies*

*Lillies thus spin, and give a lasting thred,*
*That nor the Duke, nor the Church-Rites doe fall,*
*No Godfathers bespake to th' Funerall,*
*That the kind Powrs the Branch and Vine doe spare,*
*Which Whole can Fruitfull be, and not prun'd, beare:*
*In which,* Great Queene, *though you have practis'd bin,*
*You keepe the* Queene, *nor have Your Looks lay in,*
*In Births You only spread your Face, not spoyle,*
*And we may call the Duke so much* Queen-*foyle.*

*Since then the* Queene *is some way borne (for when*
*Any survives the Pangs shee lives agen)*
*Since th' early Duke has safely snatcht the Day,*
*Which hee'l give back in Glory, and's Acts shall pay;*
*Thank we on both knees for the Branch and Stemme,*
*That th' Rock's still Rock, though't sheds us a fresh Gemme,*
*Our Gemme now, next our Strength, (as they did Guild*
*Only at first with Gold, but after Build)*
*And weary heaven, that the* Queene *may stand*
*Still Mother of Pearle-Royall, and our Land,*
*Like Beads upon an Infinite Line, may see*
*Her thread her Children on Eternity.*

Ios. Howe A. M. Coll. Trin.

Great Sir,

*NOt yet was* Londons *incense full expir'd*
*In the late fast, scarce her devotion tir'd,*
*But the Trades with th' same heat of Zeale put on*
*Their loyalty as their religion.*

*And streight the bells rung: but the Pulpit prest,*
*And each man shew'd a Christian Royalist,*
*Who, as if shar'd twixt heaven and earth, did sing*
*To God his Mattens, Vespers to the King.*
*So that on* Iulies *eighth 'twas hard to say*
*Whether our feast were, or your holyday.*
*And certainly in every parish 'begunne*
*A severall inauguration;*
*And* VIVAT REX *it better spoake by th' voyce*
*Of the Kings Offspring, then the Peoples noyse.*
*Thus then y'are crownd againe, and have ratifi'd more*
*In this sonne then your fifteene yeares before.*
*Nor shall you onely but your Fathers shade*
*Revive in him, and* Bellarmine *be made*
*To Sweare direct Allegiance, and lay downe*
*His red hatt in subjection to the Crowne.*
*Or else why did you, and your Queen compact*
*To make him* Grand-Compounder *of our Act?*
*'Twas a good plot, and may be prove in time*
*The second* Henry Beauclerke *of our clime,*
*Goe out Prince of the chaire, and no man be*
*Henceforth* Professor-Regius *but he.*
*This done; may he proceed to shew how we,*
*Your subjects, may breath on, both rich and free;*
*And from the depth of's politicks lay downe*
*Rules to promote the publique good, th' Crowne:*
*That so, when all shall see our state advance*
*Beyond or that of Spaine, or that of France;*
*'Twill be the common gratitude t' install*
*You then your Brother more monarchicall:*
*And, when your aged head hears'd up shall rest,* With-

*With all your peoples teares, in th' hallowed cheſt,*
*Then through times ſtory ſhall your Royall duſt*
*Be crownd for farre more peacefull, full as loſt.*

AB. WRIGHT Ioan. Socius.

HEnry *the ſeaventh of that name did bring*
*The* Red Roſe *and the* White *into one King:*
*Marriage vnited both the houſes; hee*
*Not ſo much wedded flowers, as family.*
*'Twas bleſſednesſe to finiſh, compleat peace,*
*When warres with* Yorke, *and* Lancaſter, *did ceaſe:*
*The names were loſt, they're found againe, and ſtand*
*Not as an horrour, but a ioy to th' land.*
Charles, *and two bulwarkes more, who'le be afrayd*
*Of any foes, when that the gods ſend ayd?*
*Live* Yorke *and* Lancaſter; *it was before*
*Bliſſe you were joyned; but thus parted, more.*
*No Subjects henceforth ſhall profane the vſe*
*Of ſacred Princely Fees, it is abuſe*
*If that the Royall blood enioy them not,*
*And worſe then ten Impropriations got.*
Dukes *are to fight for th' King: nor is a meane*
*Peaſant, or Lord enough, a ſpirit cleane*
*From all inferiour droſſe muſt in this wake,*
*Such as to get your ſelf thus undertake,*
*Your ſelf,* (O CHARLES) *No ſtrength can ever joyne*
*With vs ſo forceable as from Your loyne.*
*The Kings before were barren; and if they*
*Could get one to ſucceed them, when their day*
*Grew neerer night, it did ſuffice, and much*

*The People were contented, but now such*
*Is the Transcendence of your happy fate,*
*You make us more then fully fortunate.*

ED. GRAY. M. A. of Ch. Ch.

## Lysander. Philarchus.

Lys. *TEll me,* Philarchus, *shall we sing*
*This luckie Omen to our King;*
*The new born* Duke? *That hopes and feares*
*May nouriſh vp his tender yeares,*
*That when a downe ſhall grace his Chin,*
*His Mind be richly fraught within;*
*That, growne to perfect Man, he may*
*Out-doe, what we can hope, or pray,*
*And only Aged in his mind*
*He Youth retaine, Yet Vertue find.*
*Or ſay, ſhall we in ſilence ſitt,*
*The Theame being greater then our Witt?*
Phil. *What though,* Lyſander? *ſhall we ceaſe*
*To bleſſe the Gods for our increaſe,*
*Becauſe our praiſe comes ſhort of them,*
*They being Gods, and We but Men?*
*No more may we let paſſe this Cauſe*
*Without a juſt, a great applauſe:*
*Then lend thy Eare and heare me ſing*
*What wiſhes to the Crowne I bring.*
*May all our King's Deſignes ſucceed,*
*And yet no loyall Subject bleed,*

But

*But, in their ſtead, let Rebels feele*
*The ſharpeſt anger of his ſteele;*
*Or, like to* Cadmus *offſpring bred,*
*Their blood by one another ſhed.*
*Next that He ceaſe not, but goe on*
*By frequent Births t' advance his* Throne,
*Till by degrees it reach ſo high,*
*That, though on Earth, it touch the* Skie;
*Where though he guide the greateſt ſpheare,*
*He may be preſent with vs here.*
*But that theſe bleſſings may be ſeene*
*On him, We wiſh our royall* Queene,
*We wiſh that She may ever bring*
*Such yearely pledges to our King;*
*And yet her ſelfe remaine to be*
*The patterne to her Progenie:*
*That, like the* Halcyon, *when ſhe pleaſe*
*To bring forth, both the Land and* Seas
*May feele one Calme, and no Storme riſe*
*T' eclipſe the luſtre of Her eyes:*
*Who being the Mine from whence Flowrs come,*
*The fragrant iſſue of her Wombe,*
*Hath now againe vouchſaft t' unite*
*The Bluſhing* Red-Roſe *with the White:*
*That what before adorn'd Her Brow*
*Might ſhine i'th' Princes* Titles *now.*

H. Benet of Ch. Ch.

Pardon

PArdon (Great Queen) If we ſhall here declare
That, by your fruitfulneſſe we Barren are,
Or rather (But we bluſh to make it knowne)
The Virgin-Muſes are in trauell growne,
Yet All thoſe painfull throes doe but repaire
Our former Anthemes with a diff'rent Ayre:
We are out done by you, & muſt confeſſe
Our fancy farr below the Bleſſedneſſe.
May it ſuffice for us, but to relate
The number of your Babes, and keepe the Date.
We dare not venture on that wondrous worth,
When Vertue doth grow fruitfull, & brings forth.
Alas! when we its ſweetneſſe would diſcloſe,
(Weake Embleme) we are feigne to call it Roſe.
May you goe on (Mirror of Queenes) & ſee
All Princes mixe with your bleſt Progenie.

A. P. A. B. C. B.

IVſt as I've ſeen the Sun, when he diſplaies
His golden beames, ſtreight with his conqu'ring Rayes
Whole clouds of vapours to have chac'd away,
Which threatned the exilement of the day:
So you (moſt ſoveraigne Queen) whereas of late
Each brow was clowdy, juſt as if the ſtate
Feared ſome ſuddaine ruine, have poſſeſt
With unexpected joy ſo each ones breſt,
That heavy cares have t'ane their flight: and now
Serenity ſits ſmiling on each brow.
To you alone we owe this happineſſe.

And

*And since our debt's so great, we can't expresse*
*The least that it requires; we think to raise*
*Fame to your merit only from this praise.*
*For those gifts which we mutually requite*
*Belong to private persons: they're too light*
*For those where such Divinity doth dwell,*
*As in your sacred person; who know well*
*As in your places Gods themselves you doe*
*Still represent, so in your bounty too.*
*But since (Dread Queene) you had so oft before*
*Inricht the Land, you might have now giv'n ore*
*Your making happy each particular yeare*
*With your blest Progeny: and yet we're feare*
*Posterity would not unto your Name*
*Build monuments, as lasting as Your Fame.*
*Your often teeming hath so' enricht the earth,*
*That, when she thinks on You, she thinks a dearth*
*Hath seizd her fruitfullnesse; nor will she be*
*Compar'd with You for her fertilitie.*
*Although (most Gracious Queene) it may be said*
*That she the riches of her wombe had payde*
*With earliest dispatch: yet this can take*
*Nought from your praises; but doth rather make*
*Them to be farre more perfect: still we find*
*You are before her, though You come behind.*
*Things which are first brought forth we must not straight*
*Without all reason prize at highest rate.*
*And set by them still most, although in these*
*The Gods sometimes the best themselves doe please.*

*For, if we ſtill judge thus, our ſelves we caſt*
*In many errours. That which with ſuch haſt*
*Is finiſht up, that we may ſay 'tis done*
*At that ſame time when ſcarce it is begun,*
*Shall be lik't beſt: and ſo it will appeare*
*That with us each abhortive iſſue, where*
Lucina *lent no ayding hand, ſhall ſeeme*
*Still to be had in the moſt great Eſteeme.*
*If we in Autumne chance for to eſpy*
*Some relique of the ſpring, which chanc't to lie*
*A long time hid, by ſome befriending tree*
*Screend from the Sun's hot rage, that ſtill, you ſee,*
*We count moſt precious: as when a* Roſe
*Later then's fellowes doth it ſelfe diſcloſe:*
*Which hath a long time kept his baſhfull head*
*Veild from the light, and now when th' reſt are fled*
*Bluſhes to be deſcry'd: This ſtill we bring*
*To* Flora *as the choyceſt of the ſpring.*
*And therefore ſince that you (Admired* Queene*)*
*A little later then the earth have beene*
*In op'ning your womb's treaſure: it is fit*
*That this ſhould adde unto the praiſe of it.*
*Had it beene otherwiſe it could not be*
*So fit a preſent for great Majeſty.*

WIL. IOYNER Coll. Mag.

*After our Tribute payd to Heaven, we preße*
*To you, bleſt* Queene, *tendring our thankfulneſſe.*
*Your gracious eye veiwing our troubled State,*
*Surpriz'd with Doubts touching her vnknowne fate*
*Vnder the threatning Sword; anon with Feare*
*For your indanger'd Safety drawing neare:*
*You, to prevent the feſtring of theſe ſores,*
*Run to your pangs, t' vnburthen vs of ours:*
*And, that you might apply a remedy,*
*Travaile your ſelfe, for our Delivery.*
*Thus half our Feares are over: And we now*
*Begin to hope, the reſt are dying too:*
*'Twere blaſphemie, when Heaven hath thus farre bleſt*
*A Land, to think She could denie the reſt.*

THO. SMITH, A. M. Coll. Reg. Soc.

## To the KING.

Great Sr

*YOV well did faſt, and well did pray,*
*When this great end did crowne the day.*
*And God was pleaſed when he ſent*
*A* Prince, *inſtead of puniſhment:*
*Whoſe crye, and teares great Omens are*
*Of deaths deceaſe, and flight of Warre.*
*Howe're your loſſe will be leſſe, ſince*
*Ten thouſand lives value one* Prince.
*But ſtay: me thinks Prophetique fire*
*Begins my Muſe, and Pen t' inſpire:*
*And ſomething now doth bid me ſay*

That, shortly there will come a day,
When the Lyon, and Flowr-delys
Shall raise the George aboue the fleece.
And there is now, which Spaine may feare,
Another Duke of Lancaster.

ED. YORKE of Mag. Col. Fel.

TO leaue the roome of Peace, and dare be Borne
Amid'st the noise of Warre, and not returne,
It was no lesse then valour. Fearfull child,
Who, at Saguntum's Mothers pangs beguild,
Ran back into the wombe, and made that seat
His fort against the sword and Souldiers heat!
This, starts not at the Drum, prefers that noise
Before the Nurses song, before her joyes.
Who so has made Bellona Midwife, He
Is Pledge, or shall be Cause of Victory.
For where CHARLES ha's a quarrell, such's the right,
Infants may Leaders be, and Children fight.

R. GRENVILE of Glo. Hall.

WHat though w'have miss'd a Lady? Heaven hath (since
Chang'd, not withdrawn, its bounty in a Prince.
Propitious stars doe thus their courses runne:
Venus being lately set, behold the Sunne.

WILL. SANDYS. Esq. of Bal. Col.

GReat Queene, *You are not yet deliver'd, Wee*
*From throwes, and labours shall not thinke you free,*
*Till you have pass'd ours: which I dare maintaine*
*(Ill verse is such a torment) the worse pain.*
*We blush that, what our joy prompts us to doe,*
*Besides our owne disgrace, should trouble you.*
*Poets can much, and well on* Subjects *write,*
*But You're a* Queene, *and soare above their flight:*
*So farre outstripping poetry, truth admires,*
*And we, amaz'd at our surpass'd desires.*
*If you from heaven another child doe win,*
*Our Muses will be forc'd too, to lye in,*
*Shaming to shew their faces, lest they be,*
*For repetition, stein'd with purity.*
*The world you fill with Princes, whence to you*
*In every language praise, and blessing's due.*
*Ile like my native best though, when 'tis said*
*That English brought Your Majesty to bed.*

MAY. BATE Art. Bac. Ed. Hall.

## Royall Babe.

PArdon us *Infants in the Arts, that dare*
*Present thee with a verse, yet Infans are;*
*At his Lords presence* Embryo Iohn *did spring*
*I' th' wombe, and we* Babes *will thy Birthday sing.*
*Harke* Babe *undaunted, harke attentively*
*Th' Alarum is thy onely Lullaby;*
*Such Ayres have long storm'd here, as if they meant*
*The Wombe should be mistaken for thy Tent:*
*And happily some one without offence*

*May ſweare, thou wert not* Borne, *but didſt March thence.*
*Or if thou wouldſt we ſhould grant both, wee'l ſay,*
*That thou didſt iſſue forth, and win the day:*
*But what canſt thou againſt a Mutiny?*
*Thoſe fruitfull wombes, from whence w' expect ſupply*
*Of our Commanders, hourely ſhould bring forth*
*Men, in their firſt houre, of full growth, & worth,*
*Each minute teeme a Leader, yet at laſt*
*There's danger too of looſing them as faſt.*
*But I have treſpaſſ'd in a petulant rage,*
*Againſt the only ſafe, onely good Age:*
*Multiply theſe your young ones,* CHARLES, *you'l ſee*
*Our England's beſt ſtrength is its Infantrie.*
*Multiply, 'till the Worlds you propagate*
*Thinke you did not Beget them, but Create.*

RICH. PAYNTER. Ioan-

*FArre be thoſe* Machiavelians *which eye*
*Each new-borne Prince as ſome great Prodigy:*
*Who, no leſſe Impious then vaine, report*
*Midwives are Comets, if oft ſeene at Court.*
*Tell me; cannot a Prince a Brother be?*
*Doth State exclude peacefull Fraternitie?*
*When did the Numerous branches ever choake*
*Each other, or ſuck dry their Parent Oake?*
*Let no ſuch feares dwell with us, let them lurk*
*In* Otomans *ſtemme, the Brother-killing* Turke.
*May our moſt fruitfull* Queene *bring forth each yeare,*
*Vntill there be a Duke for every Shier:*

*Thoſe*

*Those that thinke numerous Issues make us poore*
*Maintaine a Paradoxe, as if great store*
*Of Iewells made our Treasury the lesse:*
*Here, as in Charity, there's no Excesse.*

STE. SKINNER of Ch. Ch.

*IVst like a Post, whose winged hast prevents*
*His hearers expectation, and contents*
*Their greedy eares, with some auspicious story*
*Of a great conquest, or late purchas'd glory:*
*So posts our gracious* Queene, *as if that she*
*Monopoliz'd that blessing,* Multiplie.
*So posts our* Queene *striving at once by speed*
*T' anticipate our thoughts, supply our need.*
*Which needs must be when* Queenes *doe labour, and*
*Instruct by their example a whole Land.*
*And as you are th' example of our paine,*
*So may you be th' example of our gaine.*
*Bless'd was your Labour with your wish'd for blisse,*
*Bless'd may our Labour be, Equall to this,*
*(To wit in what we wish) that all may see,*
*Your Ioy was th' Omen of our victory.*

IOHN CLITHEROW of Mag. Coll.

The

## The Printer to their MAIESTIES.

THE Schollers now, like *Volunteers*, profeſſe
As Loyall Service in this learned *Preſſe*,
As thoſe that drinke Your Twelve-pence: They would Fight,
Should You command, as willingly as Write.
They throng'd to put in Verſes: and made there
Friends for a place, as when Your Courts appeare.
May there be only ſuch Contentions; let
My FOVNTS, to give You Ioy, for ever ſweat.
But unto ſuch as doe oppoſe Your Throne
May every Letter be a *killing* one.

LEONARD LICHFIELD.